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FINE WRITING.

READ BEFORE THE 'TUSCULAN SENATE,' SUPERVISORS OF 'THE PORTICO.'

MR. MARIGOLD: I am much gratified by finding that you have commenced a series of disquisitions upon the subject of fine writing, and are endeavoring to awaken your readers to a right apprehension of the principles by which it is characterized, since no speculations appear to me more likely to be useful, at the present time, in this community. Although I partake of none of that spirit of prejudice and calumny which has too often appeared in those travellers from my country who have paid a visit to your's, yet I cannot but perceive a wide distinction between the taste of those countries in Europe, which have grown old in the cultivation of science, and that which is prevalent among us. With a view, therefore, to furnish you some aid in the prosecution of your laudable undertaking, allow me, instead of controverting your principles, to carry forward and complete your speculations, upon this topic, by the following observations, which occurred to my mind, upon the perusal of your last article.

You justly remark, that one of the greatest difficulties in elegant writing, as well as one of the principal circumstances by which an author will display his skill and capacity, lies in the judicious use of figurative language, and more especially in the management of his metaphors, which are the chief instruments made use of by the imagination to shadow forth our conceptions, and give to 'airy nothings' a 'local habitation' and visible form. It has been remarked by that able critic, Dr. Blair, that the golden rule by which the accuracy of metaphors may be tested, is to suppose the painter attempting to exhibit upon canvass the pictures which are presented in them, and if they will sustain this touchstone, they must be licensable. Thus, when an able minister is said to be a pillar of the state, a righteous man is declared to stand securely upon the rock of his integrity, or be supported by the arm of the Almighty — when Cardinal Woolsey, in Henry the Eighth, asserts that his 'high-blown pride at length broke under him, and left him to the mercy of that rude stream upon which he had ventured for many summers,' or when Satan, in Milton's *Paradise Lost* — for the same rule applies to comparison and all figures — is compared to the sun, which, new-risen, looks through the horizontal misty air, shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon in dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds on half the nations — in all these cases, the painter might readily follow the writers in the pictures they draw to the fancy. This rule, therefore, prescribed by the critic, is excellent, and an infallible guide to us,

when our metaphors or figures present the images of objects which address themselves to our outward vision. But this rule will not serve our turn, when our images relate to objects of the other senses, or to the invisible sentiments and operations of the mind. When Ossian asserts that the 'music of Caryl was like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul,' or when one prophet declares that, in the afflictions with which Jerusalem was visited, the Almighty had given her 'wormwood and gall to drink,' and another, 'I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying, Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth,' the images or ideas presented to the mind, beautiful and sublime as they are, could not be delineated upon canvass, although they awaken strong and agreeable emotions. But, nevertheless, although it is allowed that the fine writer could not always be accompanied by the painter, throughout his whole tract of thought, but would find this rule fail him in many of his brightest conceptions, yet it is not to be denied, that his images, if rightly delineated, can always present a distinct object to the intellectual eye, if not to the corporeal. From this maxim there is no exception: it is to the writer of inestimable value, and if scrupulously observed, will banish from all kinds of composition that obscurity and confusion which so often interfere with the successful communication of thought, and occasion one of the greatest blemishes in the performance of genius. Had Shakspeare been apprized of this infallible criterion of accurate imagery, we should never have heard him speak of 'taking up arms against a sea of troubles;' of a 'way of life falling into the sere, the yellow leaf;' 'of the hope being drunk in which Macbeth *dressed* himself;' of the same hero's 'bathing in reeking *wounds*;' of an 'ocean overpeering his list, and *eating* the flats with impetuous haste;' 'of having a tomb of orphans' tears wept upon Cranmer's bones, when he had run his course;' and of a thousand other instances, in which this consummate master of nature, and pride of the dramatic muse, has mingled colors in his images, which, however beautiful or sublime, when separately taken, throw obscurity and confusion into his conceptions, and lie as a dead fly upon the ointment of his most exquisite passages. Into this fault men are most apt to be betrayed, who are endowed with the richest imagination, and the greatest fertility of invention; and it never fails to give a more pungent zest to works among readers of crude and unconcocted taste. It is, however, to be as much deprecated in fine writing, as a confused and incongruous mixture of colors in the productions of the painter. How strikingly this blemish is displayed to us in that sentence of Lord Bacon: 'Public envy is an ostracism, which eclipses the fame of men when they grow too great.' Here, although the idea is very successfully conveyed, yet the metaphors are dark, and incompatible with each other; for how could the mode of suffrage among the Greeks denominated ostracism, be said to eclipse any object which implies the obscuration of any planet by an interposing orb? This confused and undistinguishing mixture of figures, is one of the most prevailing and blighting deformities in the recent performances of American genius.

As to the next points upon this subject to which you have alluded,

when figurative language begins to be advantageous in writing; and when it becomes injurious, no critic has, as yet, appeared able to furnish precise and definite prescriptions. Here the treatise of Quintilian, of Dionysius, of Cicero, of Blair, and all other modern coadjutors, fail us. You have before remarked, with Cicero, that the employment of metaphors originates, in the outset of verbal and written correspondence among men, in absolute necessity and the sterility of language, as mankind would be unable to express the thoughts and feelings of the mind, except by an appeal to the analogies of physical nature. Hence the terms apprehend, imagine, abstract, which denote operations of the mind, are derived from those of external nature. And hence the Indian chief, in negotiating a treaty of peace with a neighboring tribe or nation with whom he had waged war, designates the termination of hostilities by the emblems of burying the hatchet, and the commencement of amicable relations by planting the tree of peace. In this case, no doubt, the negotiator is led to resort to these terms of pacification, partly by his incompetency to express the abstract ideas of terminating war and commencing a friendly intercourse in simple and plain language, and partly by that unaccountable pleasure which the imagination enjoys in tracing the analogies between moral and physical nature. Passing now from this state of penury in speech, in which our nomenclature is incompetent to the designation of the objects presented to the understanding, we confine our attention solely to figurative language as an ornament, or luxury, in our intellectual and literary life and enjoyment. How far are figures justly regarded as a beauty and advantage in composition, and when do they degenerate into a deformity?

As language is the vehicle of thought, and figures give form and decoration to that vehicle, in order to a right decision of the aforementioned queries, we must ascertain the principles upon which that vehicle is best constructed, and the degree of embellishment which will recommend it to a highly cultured taste. This similitude between speech and a vehicle of transportation, serves to suggest to us our first rule, in reference to the use of that ornament which is derived from images of fancy, viz.: that they serve more successfully to enforce and recommend the ideas. As the great purpose of a vehicle is to convey passengers, every principle of its construction, every decoration by which it is embellished, ought to be adapted to its convenience and facility of movement; and those which would tend to impede its progress, or lessen its accommodation to its uses, would become an injury instead of benefit. So is it in the ornaments which are allowed in writing or speaking. When we wish to compliment a statesman, who has distinguished himself in the councils of his country, and we say that he is one of the pillars of the republic, or brightest lights of her senate, certainly we have couched our encomiums in much more striking and impressive phraseology, than if we had gone out in pursuit of plain terms which conveyed the ideas, in the one case, that he distinguished himself in supporting the government, and, in the other, that he was remarkably able in communicating information and instruction to the senate. The fact is, that, independently of the considerations that these metaphors have

abridged our discourse, and delighted the mind by the play of fancy in tracing the resemblance between the statesman and a pillar that supports an edifice, and a bright light illuminating a scene, language, in its very organization, has neglected to supply us with words sufficiently numerous to express moral conceptions, or intellectual archetypes, without a resort to the convenience of figures. Figurative language, during the progress of man in improvement, has become so thoroughly incorporated into the most finished nomenclature, that it could not be dispensed with by any effort or contrivance of art. In testing its propriety or beauty, then, the simple inquiry is, does it recommend and improve the thought, render it more clear when perspicuity is needed, more strong when vigor is demanded, more beautiful when beauty is desirable, or more touching when pathos is required? Let it ever be remembered, the great object of attention and solicitude in good writing, and that without which all other things are trifling, is the thoughts and figures of speech are useful only as they contribute to set these off to advantage. These are to writing what fine features and just proportions are to the human body. And as no superfluity or gaudy decorations in dress would recommend ugly features or a deformed person, so trivial, false, or worthless matter can never be rendered important or interesting to the intelligent part of mankind, by sparkling figures or the most imposing artifices of style. Our really valuable thoughts when unadorned are adorned the most. At all events, simple, chaste, and frugal ornaments in our writing, as in our apparel, are more truly delightful to a correct taste, than all the flounces and furbelows, the embroideries and jewelries, in the world. This maxim of rhetoric, upon which we are now insisting, cannot be too sedulously brought to view, or too vehemently urged upon wielders of the pen, in the present state of polite literature. The rage for decoration is epidemical, and most fatal to the fame of those who constitute the republic of letters. After nations have attained to full perfection in fine writing, there seems to be a natural tendency toward excessive refinement and meretricious ornaments.* Truth and nature may be regarded as a noble flock furnishing the richest fleece to mankind, but when a series of good writers have exhausted their fleece in weaving the fabrics of genius, their successors are tempted to have recourse to swine for a supply of materials; and we know, beside, that in this attempt, as in the rude dramas called moralities, in the middle ages, there is great cry and little wool; it is also liable to the objection, that no skill in the workmanship or adjustment in machinery can ever give it the beauty and perfection of that raw material which nature has appropriated to the purpose of clothing her favored offspring. Too many writers of the present day, instead of attempting to rival their predecessors in endeavoring to fabricate the genuine fleece derived from this flock of truth and nature into new and more exquisite form, are engaged in shearing the swine. In this labor they can obtain, at best, nothing more than erroneous principles of science, worthless paradoxes, unnatural fictions, tinsel poetry and prose, and unnumbered crudities.

* Dr. Johnson compares them to a cow yielding a supply of milk, which when mankind find exhausted, they milk the bull.

I have said that figures, to be legitimately used, must be a suitable clothing to our ideas, and give them greater clearness, force, and vivacity. We may discern the purpose they serve, and the intent with which they are introduced into the correspondence of mankind, more distinctly in that rude eloquence and song which prevail among the savage nations, than amidst the greater refinements and more polished intercourse of civilized life. Remark the advantages which flow from this source, in the speech of Logan, a celebrated Indian chief, as referred to by Mr. Jefferson, in his Notes upon Virginia, who, after having been long distinguished as the friend of white men, had been provoked to hostility by the murder of his wife and family. In the gratification of his revenge, says this author, he had signalized himself in the war which ensued. But in a decisive battle the Indians were defeated and sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants. But, lest the sincerity of the treaty should be distrusted, from which so distinguished a chief absented himself, he sent by a messenger the speech in which was contained the following expression, which portion only we quote as furnishing an illustration of our present subject: 'Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!' This is an excellent specimen of that rude and simple eloquence, which arises among a savage people, who are unfurnished with a variety of ideas, and among whom the qualities of bravery, magnanimity, and tenderness for their kindred, would be predominant, and become the principal traits of character which would confer distinction. How descriptively, by the use of figures, he exhibits his attachment to white men, the extirpation of his race, his revenge, his intrepidity, his magnanimity, and the desolation of his house? Instead of asserting simply that his countrymen accused him of partiality to the whites, he expresses the same idea with much more force and vivacity: 'My countrymen pointed as they passed, and exclaimed, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' An ordinary sufferer would have been contented with complaining, that all his kindred were destroyed, but he more forcibly describes his loss, by affirming, 'There is not a drop of my blood running in the veins of any living creature.' The descriptions of the mode in which he glutted his revenge, and of his freedom from fear in desiring a peace, 'Logan would not turn on his heel to save his life,' are in a similar strain, and the concluding interrogatory and reply, 'Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!' is more truly pathetic, than would be the most labored exaggeration of his desolate condition, and passionate exclamations of sorrow.

Having thus stated the point at which the employment of figures

becomes really advantageous to language and fine writing, and ascertained it to be discoverable as soon as they render it more clear, forcible, and impressive, I now proceed to give confirmation to the doctrine inculcated by more ample illustrations, derived from the best authorities. No circumstance more infallibly discloses to us nice perceptions of taste in a writer, than his judgment in determining when he should be contented with plain language, and when he should be figurative, and in his judiciously adapting the degree of ornament in his style to the nature of his topic. When rightly managed, figures give exquisite beauty to our productions; but when unskilfully introduced, consummate deformity. The most delicious sweets, used in undue proportions with our food and drink, soon become in a high degree offensive and disgusting. No writer was more abundant in the production of these beauties, than Shakspeare; and by their instrumentality he has embodied all the most virtuous sentiments of human nature, and the finest maxims of practical wisdom. By rendering the most abstract ideas and invisible feelings discernible to the eye, or perceptible to some of the senses through the types and shadows of his imagination, he has enabled the human mind to lay hold upon them, and engraved them in the memory, by indelible characters. What admirable lessons of female delicacy, for example, he inculcates, when in one place, he says,

‘The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon :’

And in another :

‘She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i’ the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek. She pin’d in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief.’

These passages not only nurture the female mind with admonitions of the most scrupulous delicacy and feminine virtue, but, also, in their rhetorical import, strongly delineate, by emblems drawn from outward objects, the inward sentiments, and strictly conform, moreover, to the course of nature in those operations to which they have reference. The moon is the more dim of the two great lights that rule the spheres, and even to her beams the modest maiden should not unmask her beauty. Concealed love does feed on the damask cheek, worms in budding flowers do prey upon and destroy them, and pining in thought in deep despair, does tinge the countenance with a green and yellow hue. Thus all the operations of the mental and bodily constitution of man are faithfully depicted. Here our indispensable requisite in fine writing, is suggested to us, that the lineaments of truth and nature must be truly sketched, else our productions are of no value, but partake the character of a sick man’s dreams. On the other hand, what is it but their contrariety to nature, that renders the following conceits from the poets, quoted in the ‘Art of Sinking in Poetry,’ so excessively ridiculous, while minuter faults of the same kind will partake of a similar complexion, in pro-

portion as they make greater or less approaches to them? Speaking of a lion, the poet says :

‘He roared so loud, and looked so wondrous grim,
His very shadow durst not follow him.’

And again of a stag :

‘Hears his own feet, and thinks they sound like more,
And fears the hind feet will o’ertake the fore.’

Voltaire mentions, that in his youth he entered into competition for a premium which had been offered for the best piece of poetry upon a given subject, and that the author who obtained the reward by the decision of La Motte, had inserted a line which referred both to a frigid and a burning pole of the earth, and that La Motte, when ridiculed on account of this oversight, alleged in his defence, that he was not responsible for the geography, but only for the rhetorical accuracy of the performance. Upon this plea, any absurdities or follies might pass muster as good writing.

The next doctrine which you have maintained in regard to fine writing is equally sound, and should be well weighed and properly estimated by all authors, and more especially by American ; that as we have both agreed, if the employment of figures should commence as soon as they serve to recommend and improve our conceptions, so also it should terminate when that purpose is accomplished. The maxim of Quintilian is here applicable : ‘ *Obstat quicquid non adjuvat ;*’ and every decoration which is not serviceable, is injurious. In this respect, writers are perpetually doing violence to the principles of correct taste, and find ample scope in this field for the display of pedantry, affectation, puerility, and an excessive voracity for florid images. Butler alleges, as one of the properties of Hudibras, the hero of his poem, that ‘his mouth he could not ope, but out there flew a trope,’ by which he indulges a fling at the miserable taste prevalent in the time of Cromwell. This is a blemish entirely imperceptible to the vulgar, since that mixed assemblage constituting the public, always entertain an eager propensity to this species of intellectual food ; but it is equally disgusting to the scholar, who has habitually contemplated the finest models. Lopez de Vega, the most celebrated of the Spanish poets, apologizes for the imperfection of his pieces, and the wildness and crudity of his drama, and alleges as his excuse, that the public sentiment required him to deviate from those principles of composition which his own judgment approved ; and there can be little doubt, that many of the irregularities and blemishes of Shakspeare are attributable to the same cause. Now it is impossible, in any country, however free and enlightened, that the great mass of the community should be correct judges ; and he who caters to their literary palate, must continually indulge a style which his better knowledge repudiates, sport in puerilities, chatter in false wit, rave in hyperboles, and glitter with tinsel. High-sounding phraseology, silly conceit, and flowery declamation, are sure to captivate the attention, and awake the rapture of the ignorant and illiterate. They are even more caught with false ornaments than with true, as children are fonder of bad food than good, of glaring colors than of the soft and mild, of bustle and uproar

than of quiet and sweet retirement. Nor is it any disparagement to the great body of mankind, that their perceptions are rude and erroneous in reference to literature and the elegant arts, since, whatsoever may be their native capacity and acquired intelligence in business, they are not allowed time and opportunity to cultivate those faculties which might lead them to an acute discernment in such matters; and nature never bestows it as a gratuity. We might as justly deem it a detraction from their talents and respectability, to assert that they are unskilled in the philosophy of Aristotle, Newton, or Locke, as to regard it any impeachment of their capacity and pretensions to intelligence and superiority, that they are not connoisseurs in the principles of fine writing. But they are inexcusable for such deficiencies and follies, who profess an acquaintance with the art of authorship, and, adventuring upon the career of publication, discover so little comprehension of their task, as to be dealing in prettinesses where they should be dealing in philosophic lessons; and dazzling in figures where they should be illuminating with the pure light of truth. So great is the fondness for this species of display in this country, that, beside the pride of decoration perceptible in our orations, eulogiums, and ephemeral literature in general, we find the same prurient propensity in our scientific lectures, our discussions in Congress, sometimes in our judicial decisions, and our ponderous works; and, as Voltaire remarks of the French in his day, even in practical treatises upon medicine. I have just read two medical works of considerable size, and upon the most dry and didactic departments in that branch of experimental philosophy, in which is discovered as great ambition of ornament, as if the authors were composing a vehement political declamation, or panegyrical address. This is as great an incongruity, and as wide a deviation from propriety, in the intercourses of literature, as would be exhibited should the grave philosopher appear in company in the fantastic costume, and with the affected airs of a volatile boy, and in fact converts a writer into a literary *petit-maître*.

Let us endeavor to arrive, if possible, at some precise and definite conclusions in this department of learning, and establish some maxims which will constitute sure criteria, by which composers may ascertain the correctness and admissibility of the figures which they allow in discourse and writing. When I speak of a keen or piercing judgment, a clear head, a tender heart, of a man who is inflamed with anger, warmed by love, swelled with pride, melted with grief, or chilled with horror, it is evident, that by emblems, or symbols derived from outward objects, I am using a language to express moral properties and operations of the mind, the aptitude of which to their purposes is recognised by every person, and without a recurrence to which, speech would become greatly encumbered with the multiplicity of words. And here, too, it is worthy of observation, that in the very commencement of this symbolical representation of ideas, we must exactly conform to nature, and accurately pursue the analogies between the physical and moral world. What absurdity to speak of a clear heart to denote a good understanding, and a tender head to signify an affectionate disposition, or of a man who is chilled with anger, or love, depressed with pride, or warmed by grief,

and inflamed with horror! Nature, therefore, must be solicitously consulted, in the very outset of this progress of adumbration, and a fine theatre is opened for the display of absurdity or wit, in exhibiting breaches of these analogies. Thus, when referring to a lady drinking the Bath waters, Anon exclaims, with ridiculous absurdity,

'She drinks! she drinks! Behold the matchless dame!
To her 'tis water, but to us 't is flame!
Thus fire is water, water fire by turns,
And the same stream at once both cools and burns.'

The same author, in describing water simmering over the fire, says :

'The sparkling flames raise water to a smile,
Yet the pleased liquor pines, and lessens all the while.'

And another writer :

'The glories of proud London to survey,
The sun himself shall rise by break of day.'

And if there be necessity to recur to outward objects, to shadow forth the thoughts and emotions of the mind, there is a like necessity, or natural transition, to denote the properties and operations of external nature, by a reference to the qualities and operations of the mind. We speak of a thirsty land, a cruel disaster, a raging fever, and a treacherous disease. Thus far, language advances in its progress under the influence of strict necessity, or that kind of irresistible constraint which arises out of the limited nature of the human powers, or if there be some slight degree of pleasure derived from that play of fancy which traces analogies of the kind just mentioned between the moral and natural world, we are under no temptations to push our enjoyment to excess. But when departing from this point, we soon enter the region of high intellectual satisfaction, and find ourselves surrounded with flowers of every hue and every odor. It is in this field that we have to exercise a wise forbearance and a nice discrimination in our choice of embellishments, and to summon to our aid all the intelligence we possess, keeping constantly in view the maxim, that our thoughts are the materials of our structures, whether they be gold, silver, marble, or brass, and that figures are the mere polish and decorations of art.

To render our views upon this subject as intelligible as possible, let us ask why is the following sentence faulty, which is found in Smollet's History of England? Giving an account of a famous act of the British parliament against irregular marriages, after stating that it underwent a great number of alterations and amendments, which were not effected without violent contest, he proceeds : 'At length, however, it was floated through both houses on the tide of a great majority, and steered into the safe harbor of royal approbation.' There is scarcely any one, whose taste is in any degree improved, who would not perceive that this is puerile beyond endurance, and entirely unsuited to the dignity of historical narration. Why is it so? What are the blemishes discoverable in it? They surely arise out of the use of figurative, instead of simple and plain language. Had he stated, that at length, however, a great majority was obtained in its favor, and it received the royal approbation, no one

could have discovered any deficiency in the recital, and the facts of the case would have been distinctly and fully stated. But there is no obscurity in Dr Smollet's recital. We all understand perfectly the ideas he intended to convey. In what, then, does the fault lie, in the expressions he has used? It must be offensive to a just taste, because the facts would be as distinctly communicated in plain language, and the use of the ornament is unnecessary, and useless decoration is always disgusting—and, moreover, because figures of speech are the language either of imagination or the passions, none of which properties of our nature could be awakened by a detail of such simple facts. There are occasions, in which it might very properly be said, that measures of a deliberative body were floated upon the tide of a great majority, and were wafted into the harbor of royal or executive approbation; but these must be either when we are indulging the ludicrous style, or when the passions or the imagination is excited by the subject. Similar objections lie against that passage of Belthazzar Gratian: 'Our thoughts take their rise in the extensive coasts of memory, embark upon the sea of imagination, are wafted into the port of genius, to be registered in the custom-house of the understanding.' This is as wretched philosophy as rhetoric. For the same reasons, beside others that might be mentioned, that whimsical division of his discourse, by a Scottish clergyman, mentioned by Dr. Witherspoon, is so very ridiculous. 'The Scriptures,' says this divine, 'may be considered as a large and rich garden; the New Testament is the most valuable division of that garden; the Epistle to the Romans is the richest compartment of that division; the eighth chapter is the most delightful border of that compartment; and the twenty-eighth verse the finest flower of that border.' None but the lowest condition of the public taste, could render such preaching tolerable to an audience.

BACON.

S L E E P .

BY AN ENGLISH POET OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

CARE-CHARMER, Sleep! son of the sable Night,
 Brother to Death, in silent darkness born:
 Relieve my languish, and restore the light,
 With dark forgetting of my care return:
 And let the day be time enough to mourn
 The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth.
 Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
 Without the torment of the night's untruth.
 Cease, Dreams, the images of day desires
 To model forth the passions of the morrow:
 Never let rising sun approve you liars,
 To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
 Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
 And never wake, to feel the day's disdain.

DANIEL.

QUEEN MARY'S CHRISTENING.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE first wish of Queen Mary's heart
Is that she may bear a son,
Who shall inherit in his time
The Kingdom of Aragon.

She has put up prayers to all the Saints,
This blessing to accord,
But chiefly she hath called upon
The Apostles of our Lord.

The second wish of Queen Mary's heart
Is to have that son called James,
Because she thought for a Spanish King
'Twas the best of all good names.

To give him this name of her own will
Is what may not be done,
For, having applied to all the Twelve,
She may not prefer the one.

By one of their names she hath vowed to call
Her son, if son it should be;
But which, is a point whereon she must let
The Apostles themselves agree.

Already Queen Mary hath to them
Contracted a fearful debt,
And from their patronage she hoped
For these farther blessings yet.

Alas ! it was not her hap to be
As handsome as she was good,
And that her husband King Pedro thought so,
She very well understood.

She had lost him from her lawful bed,
For lack of personal graces,
And by prayers to them, and a pious deceit,
She had compass'd his embraces.

But if this hope of a son should fail,
All hope must fail with it then,
For she could not expect, by a second device,
To compass the King again.

Queen Mary hath had her first heart's wish,
She hath brought forth a beautiful boy ;
And the bells have rung, and masses been sung,
And bonfires have blazed for joy.

And many 's the cask of the good red wine,
And many the cask of the white,
Which was broached for joy that morning,
And emptied before it was night.

But now for Queen Mary's second heart's wish
It must be determined now,
And Bishop Boyl, her confessor,
Is the person who taught her how.

Twelve waxen tapers he hath had made,
In size and weight the same,
And to each of these twelve tapers
He hath given an Apostle's name.

One holy nun had bleached the wax,
Another the wicks had spun;
And the golden candlesticks were blest
Which they were set upon.

From that which should burn the longest
The Infant his name must take,
And the Saint who owned it was to be
His Patron for his name's sake.

A godlier or a goodlier sight
Was no where to be seen,
Methinks, that day in Christendom,
Than in the chamber of that good Queen.

Twelve little altars have been there
Erected for the nonce;
And the twelve tapers are set thereon,
Which are all to be lit at once.

Altars more gorgeously drest
You no where could desire;
At each there stood a minist'ring Priest,
In his most rich attire.

A high altar hath there been raised,
Where the Crucifix you see,
And the sacred Pix, that shines with gold,
And sparkles with jewelry.

Bishop Boyl, with his precious mitre on,
Hath taken there his stand,
In robes which were embroidered
By the Queen's own royal hand.

In one part of the ante-room
The ladies of the Queen,
All with their rosaries in hand,
Upon their knees were seen.

In the other part of the ante-room,
The chiefs of the realm you behold,
Ricos Omes, and Bishops, and Abbots,
And Knights, and Barons bold.

Queen Mary could behold all this,
As she lay in her state bed;
And from the pillow needed not
To lift her languid head.

One fear she had, though still her heart
The unwelcome thought eschew'd,
That haply the unlucky lot
Might fall upon St. Jude.

But the saints, she trusted, that ill chance
Would certainly forefend,
And, moreover, there was a double hope
Of seeing the wished-for end.

Because there was a double chance
For the best of all good names,
If it should not be Santiago himself,
It might be the lesser St. James.

And now Bishop Boyl hath said the Mass,
And as soon as the Mass was done,
The Priests who by the Twelve Tapers stood,
Each instantly lighted one.

The tapers were short and slender too,
Yet, to the expectant throng,
Before they to the socket burnt,
The time, I trow, seemed long.

The first that went out was St. Peter,
The second was St. John,
And now St. Matthias is going,
And now St. Matthew is gone.

Next there went St. Andrew,
There goes St. Phillip too !
And see ! there is an end
Of St. Bartholomew.

St. Simon is in the snuff,
But it was a matter of doubt
Whether he or St. Thomas could be said
Soonest to have gone out.

There are only three remaining,
St. Jude and the two St. James ;
And great was then Queen Mary's hope
For the best of all good names.

Great was then Queen Mary's hope,
But greater her fear, I guess,
When one of the three went out,
And that was St. James the less.

They are now within less than quarter inch,
The only remaining two !
When there came a thief on St. James,
And it made a gutter too !

Up started Queen Mary,
Up she sate in her bed ;
'I never can call him Judas !'
She claspt her hands and said.

'I never can call him Judas !'
Again did she exclaim ;
'Holy Mother preserve us !
It is not a Christian's name !'

She spread her hands and claspt them again,
And the Infant in the cradle
Set up a cry, an angry cry,
As loud as he was able.

'Holy Mother preserve us !'
The Queen her prayers renewed ;
When in came a moth at the window,
And fluttered about St. Jude.

St. James hath fallen in the socket,
 But as yet the flame is not out,
 And St. Jude hath singed the silly moth,
 That flutters so blindly about.

And before the flame and the molten wax
 That silly moth could kill,
 It hath beat out St. Jude with its wings,
 And St. James is burning still !

Oh that was a joy for Queen Mary's heart,
 The babe is christened James !
 The Prince of Aragon hath got
 The best of all good names !

Glory to Santiago,
 The mighty one in war !
 James he is called, and he shall be
 King James the Conqueror !

Now shall the crescent wane,
 The Cross be set on high
 In triumph upon many a mosque —
 Wo, wo to Mawmetry !

Valencia shall be subdued,
 Majorca shall be won ;
 The Moors be routed every where,
 Joy, joy for Aragon !

Shine brighter now, ye stars that crown
 Our Lady del Pilar !
 And rejoice in thy grave, Cid Campeador,
 Ruy diez de Bivar.

THE BLUNDERER.

BEING A FEW PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A SHORT-SIGHTED MAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ORDINARY MAN.'

Of all the evils to which mankind are subject, there is none more pitiable in its victim than an inordinary limitation of vision. I, alas ! am one of those unfortunate individuals, whose nose is doomed to be 'spectacle bestrid' during my mortal existence, and who can discern no object, unless it be thrust into my very face. This, it may readily be imagined, is at all times disagreeable, but particularly so when the article in question is obnoxious to the senses. O ye bipeds of oculars unimpaired ! — ye all-seeing gentry ! — little do ye know the thousand evils that daily accumulate upon our devoted heads, and sometimes shoulders ! Little do ye ken the numerous *faux pas* that we of the limited vision are almost constantly being pushed into, to the imminent jeopardy of our moral and physical sense, as men of feeling.

My misfortunes commenced from infancy — yea from my veriest infancy — and have continued up to this day, with a frequency and regularity as astonishing as unfortunate. My mother has often told me, that when a baby, I would make a dozen ineffectual attempts to

gain her breast; and my first essays in the art of walking, have been memorialized, by a multiplicity of scars, occasioned by violent contact with chairs, tables, and other articles of domestic usefulness. As a boy, I was still more deserving of commiseration. In fact, my misfortunes seemed to accumulate with my growth. The delicacies of the dinner table were invariably appropriated by my brothers and sisters, before I could be made conscious of their presence; and if I failed to examine closely every particle upon the prongs of my fork, or in the concave of my spoon, I might inadvertently swallow a red pepper for a sausage, or masticate a quantity of horse-radish for as much sugar or Sago cheese. My good old aunt, pitying my situation, resolved to better it, and for this purpose purchased me a pair of spectacles, the first I had worn. For a time I got on very well, in the way of eating comfortable dinners; but this fortune was too good to last long. My affectionate brethren and sisters contrived to abstract my glasses. In vain I replaced them. They were continually stolen; and I was every day compelled to partake of what they, in the fulness of their stomachs, thought proper to leave me.

In due season, I was ushered into the solar system of society; but I had not revolved a month upon my own axis, among the planets and satellites of the *beau ciel*, before they all complained that I passed them in my diurnal transits without a smile or bow of recognition, and unanimously concluded to eject me from their sphere. I deprecated their displeasure, acknowledged the imperfection of my vision, and was again admitted in their circles. I now resolved to speak to every one I passed; 'and then,' thought I, in the fondness of my imagination, 'there will be no mistake!' I put my resolution at once in practice, and for a while things went swimmingly on; but at length the same result was the consequence.

'What have I done, *now*?' asked I of a friend: 'why am I *again* thrust without the pale of society?'

'The reason is, simply,' said he, gazing about to see that no one observed him speaking to so proscribed a being as I, 'that people are not willing to meet on terms of sociability and equality a man who claims the acquaintance of every loafer, male or female, he may chance to meet. At Trinity Church, last Sunday, you offered your arm to a chamber-maid; and you were yesterday observed by a party of ladies in the act of making a profound bow to three of the most notorious courtizans in town.'

'Good God!' exclaimed I, 'is it possible?'

These were not the only bad effects of my politeness. A great six-foot whiskerando charged me with the heinous crime of insulting his sister, by speaking to her without the previous formality of an introduction; and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could persuade the fellow to refrain from horse-whipping me — a thing which he had fully resolved upon, and which nothing but my humble apologies, and labored explanations, joined to the entreaties of one or two of my personal friends, deterred him from putting into practice.

'Happier,' thought I, 'far happier, had I been born blind, for then I should at least have avoided the tissue of blunders into which I hourly stumbled. My life has been one continued series of getting into scrapes in the worst way, and getting out of them the best way I

could. Why am I coupled with such a destiny? I am one of the gentlest and most inoffensive of mankind, and yet the sulkiest blackguard about town encounters not half the difficulties which fall to my lot.'

Such were my musings, as I passed down Broadway — such my reflections — when my dog — as I thought, but alas! it was another's — rushed between my legs, and nearly tripped me up. Although naturally, or rather commonly, a good-natured man, I was not at that precise moment, as the reader may imagine, in my smoothest mood. The current of my mind had been agitated by more than one circumstance that day, and the little dog rendered me absolutely angry. With an exclamation of wrath, I gave this member of the canine race a kick, which sent him howling to the opposite side of the street.

'Sare,' said a tall, swarthy, Frenchified, ferocious-looking personage, bowing until his mustaches brushed my nose, 'You av', by H — ll! kick my dog! What for you 'av' done dis for, eh?'

'My dear Sir,' exclaimed I, terribly discomposed, 'I beg ten thousand pardons. I really thought it was my own dog.'

'Ah, you t'ought it was *your* dog, eh? No, sare, it is *my* leetle dog dat you 'av' kick!'

'Sir, I am exceedingly sorry; I mistook him for my own dog. I assure you, I thought it was my own dog, at the time.'

'By Gar, Sare, dey is not *resemblance* dere; de one dog is of de white, and de oder dog is of de black color. Beside, Sare, de one 'av' got de ear ver' wide, and de oder ver' short; de one 'av' got de tail ver' much, and de oder 'av' *lose* he tail ver' much!'

'But, Sir, I am near-sighted; my eyes are impaired; I could not distinguish between the dogs.'

The foreigner looked steadily in my face for a moment; but perceiving nothing there but truth, his countenance became calm, and comparatively pleasant.

'You 'av', den, Monsieur, de vision not very far, eh?'

I assented.

'Ah! den dat is all de apology which I demand:' and, with a graceful adieu, he passed on.

'How fortunate for me,' soliloquized I, 'that he was a Frenchman! Had he been one of my own countrymen, I should no doubt have figured in the gutter.' Strange, strange people, these Americans! They punish an offence first, and inquire into its causes and effects afterward. My apology would have been laughed at by a Yankee. They have generally so much in view themselves, that they cannot appreciate the difficulties of one whose vision is not as extensive as their own. 'Alas!' sighed I, pausing, and wiping the glasses of my spectacles, 'who ever pitied a near-sighted man?'

It was nearly sunset. The benches and avenues of the Battery were thronged with human beings. The rich, the poor, the young, the old, the gay, the dignified, the ungainly and the beautiful — the merchant, the artizan, the statesman and the philosopher — the near-sighted and the far-sighted — all recreated themselves here, promenading or sitting, thinking or talking, as their several inclinations prompted; for no matter how different the tastes and pursuits of men may be, they all coincide in the admiration of nature.

'How glorious ! how magnificent !' ejaculated a pale, middle-aged man, extending his right hand toward the Jersey shore. 'Yon purple cloud, so chastely tipped with glowing silver, sails slowly and gracefully along ; and lo ! the topmost leaves of all yonder forest seem gilded and burnished o'er, a thousand times.'

'That 'ere chap is eyther crazy, or he 's a poet,' said a loafer to a very disreputable-looking individual, who accompanied him.

'I guess he 's a poet, Sam,' said the other, in reply : 'them 'ere fellers is always crazy.'

'The bay,' resumed the pale, middle-aged man, 'looks like a purple mirror, and yon fairy islands so many emerald spots upon its surface. The monuments of man's industry, too, serve to glorify the scene ; and Nature and Art stand hand-in-hand, smiling complacently upon their splendid representatives.'

Interested by the poetry of this description, I looked forth upon all this space of beauty, but saw nothing, except a dim conglomeration of hazy coloring. Never before had I experienced so painful a sense of my misfortune. I grew dizzy and sick at heart, and wheeling about, sought my way homeward, full of the bitterest reflections. An omnibus was just on the eve of departure ; and mistaking the inscription of 'Bowery and the Battery' for 'Broadway and Bleecker-Street,' I jumped in, and was whirled some two miles and a half out of my proper way, before I was made acquainted with my error.

I now resolved to adopt a new course. 'Am I not,' asked I of myself, 'the author of many of my own misfortunes ? Surely, my errors are chiefly caused by my impatience and impetuosity. I am too hasty. I will endeavor to be more moderate. I will examine before I proceed, and remove the difficulties that may occur in my way. In a word, I will be more discreet in all things.'

On the following day, I dined with a friend at one of the most fashionable hotels of the city, and was for a while, as I thought, extremely lucky, having as yet made but one *faux pas*, which was merely the drinking of a glass of brandy for as much wine — a mistake, by the way, which might have occurred to almost any one. A tremendously-stout gentleman from Mississippi was seated on my left. This individual had just cleared his plate of a large quantity of roast beef, and was engaged in gazing ominously at a lobster, his shut right hand, in the mean time, resting upon the table. Unfortunately for myself, at this particular juncture, I happened to stand in need of a piece of bread ; and raising my eyes in search of the necessary article, I mistook his clenched fist for a loaf. Taking up my fork very deliberately, I hitched up the sleeve of my coat, and plunged the sharp steel instrument into the fleshy part of the man's hand. With a noise between a roar and a growl, the victim jumped upon his feet, knocking down the gentleman who sat next him, and upsetting a waiter who was hurrying along with a large supply of custards. I, of course, jumped up too, frightened, as may well be supposed, almost to death, and attempted to explain matters ; but scarcely had I opened my mouth for the purpose, when I was floored by a tremendous blow from the wounded limb, directly in my face. No sooner had the avenger knocked me down, than he unsheathed a huge glittering Bowie knife, and advanced to annihilate me altogether.

Words cannot portray the horror of my emotions. I had seen the fellow carve a pig a few moments before, and had myself admired his dexterity in the proceeding.

The company, however, interfered between the Mississippian and my destruction. My friends made known the imperfection of my vision, and the man of the far west became satisfied. I was borne to bed, nearly senseless, and have not yet recovered from the effects of that adventure, although my physician is one of the most learned and efficient in the city. He is an Englishman; and when I related to him the occurrence, he shook his head, saying :

'Terrible chaps, those fellows from Mississippi; 'orrible beings! Wonder he didn't cut your 'ed off, haltogether!' B.

A VOICE FROM THE PAST.

In olden time, when Greece had lost her sway,
And Rome was peerless mistress of the world —
In a lone spot, in fair Italia's clime,
Upon a beetling cliff's projecting point,
That high o'erhung a slumbering vale beneath,
A Sibyl sat! Wan Grief had marked her brow,
And Care had left his lengthened furrows deep:
Disheveled was her hair, and her light robe,
In careless fold, her sinking form concealed;
Her eye was restless, and her wasted hand
Swept wildly o'er a lyre, beside her placed,
And thus she sung:

'Life! 't is a cheat!
For fair is the light of its morning skies,
And bright are the hues of its varying dyes,
But its splendor is fleet;
And the promising glory too speedily flies —
Life! 't is a cheat!

'Hope! thou art vain!
For fond is thy promise in young life's hour,
And joyous thy song in its sun-lit bower;
But sorrow and pain
Soon sway the lorn heart with restless power —
Hope! thou art vain!

'Love! what art thou?
Though ardent awhile thy consuming flame,
And thy maddening frenzy none can tame,
Yet the altered brow,
And the eye, and the mien, do all proclaim,
Love! 'what art thou?'

'Friendship deceives!
For sweet is its flattering vow of esteem
To the youthful heart, as the joys of a dream;
And while it believes,
And the promising pleasures realities seem,
Friendship deceives!

'Death! thou art blest!
For thou freest the soul from its shackles of blight,
And the shades of the good, clad in garments of light,
Do joyfully rest,
Or rove the elysian fields of delight —
Death! thou art blest!

WILSON CONWORTH.

CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE entering upon my college life, it is necessary to despatch all my childish education, the more easily to trace the causes of future character.

To a kind and sympathetic heart, the feeling of love — sexual love — comes early. A mind of ordinary tenderness must always love something; the object is indefinite, for the sentiment is vague. The natural affinity of the sexes is in the bud, and the love of which I speak is a natural impulse. It is a rare occurrence that we find little boys misusing little girls. Nature teaches the male that the female is under his protection. We call this instinct in animals, and why is it not instinct in ourselves?

This early fondness is a modification of the same passion which governs men. That only is called love, which ends in matrimony or madness, though it is quite clear that any man might have married quite differently from what he has, and yet felt that his destiny was fulfilled. Love is of all passions the least understood; and there is more faith in it than in any thing else. We believe in miracles in love, though not in religion. We let run the whole length of our imaginations upon the subject, and think we are mighty reasonable all the time. Every man, to the lookers-on, appears very silly; he commits extravagancies with all the sincerity in the world; he laughs at others, too, in the same situation with himself, and prides himself upon his consistency. It is lucky, after all that is said in favor of self-knowledge, that we cannot see ourselves as others see us: if we could, I fear the whole wheel of human society would stop; we should move so timidly, as hardly to move at all; or else we should become perfect at once, and this planet no longer be earth, but heaven; which, by the by, would turn very many great projects and projectors topsy-turvy. Mr. Owen would no longer esteem himself a martyr, nor Mrs. Fry a philanthropist.

But whatever may be the foundation of the passion of love, it seems not altogether to arise from our physical nature, for we feel it very young. Perhaps the strongest passion I ever felt was for a pretty little girl of my own age — about seven. Our parents lived neighbors and friends, and were accustomed to meet and walk much together in the public resorts. The idea of a little wife was given to me, and I was made to take this little Miss by the hand, and taught to show her trifling attentions. I have since thought that our parents had some idea of having the wealth of the families united in our persons. We know such contrivances do take place every day; and it is quite amusing to observe the plans of poor but aspiring mothers to bring their children into notice with the children of the rich; to get them to forming little intimacies and friendships, and sometimes plighting troths unbeknown to the wealthy parents. Such plans, too, are sometimes successful; and as in this country a young man may marry any woman, and if he be rich, her pedigree is never inquired into, the only evil resulting from them is, that it brings many vulgarly-educated women into an influence in society, which they are apt to misuse.

I loved my little embryo wife, very much. Nothing gave me so much pleasure as to walk with her, hand-in-hand, behind our parents. My passion had all the coyness which is said to characterize the true passion. I never dared to go and see her, at her father's, alone; I would have died first. When her name was mentioned, a blush suffused my cheek. I never offered her any familiarity; to touch her hand, was ecstasy. To have kissed her, in boyish sport, would have dissolved the charm — we should immediately have become playing children, and have romped together. But as it was, we were 'bona fide' under the spell of Cupid. I as much believed she would be my wife in a few years, as I now believe she is not, and our parents kept up this impression, by placing us next to each other in riding, or at the theatre, where children were accustomed to be taken once or twice in a season. During the day, I rarely saw her, but in summer, we met, as lovers always meet, by twilight. We ran to each other as soon as it was brown enough to hide our burning cheeks — we clasped hands, and in silence proceeded. We rarely spoke — we were as happy as our hearts could bear.

I have felt much of what is called love, and which I believed to be so myself, but never have I felt happiness like to those evening walks. The charm has never faded entirely. She still lives, and is a happy wife and mother. She has forgotten the blushing boy that gave her choice flowers, after he became too old to play the child longer. She has forgotten our twilight walks, our throbbing partings. She has forgotten all, but never can I forget her. I now meet her with more interest than any woman. I see her, when she recognises me not. I have loved many — had violent and strong attachments — but it seems to me now that I wish we were friends, and I could clasp her hand and walk with her once more. I mention this, to show the enduring nature of early impressions upon the mind.

Once some coldness took place between us. We maintained for weeks a cold distance. She, in maiden coquetry, walked with other boys. I was in an agony of jealousy. My sufferings at this time were indescribable. It seemed that my heart would break. After some time spent in mutual suffering — for so she confessed to me — I happened to get possession of a beautiful damask rose. It was evening, and I saw her standing at her father's door. I walked slowly toward her, and put the rose into her hands. She blushed and gave me her hand — said she was sorry we had been estranged; and that evening we walked together. This little affair continued for four years, and the reader will allow some credit to our constancy.

My intimacy with this young lady continued until I was ten years of age, when I left my home for Mr. Surface's school. This love affair gave me the habit of loving. I have always been in love, since, with some one; not a day of my existence has passed, without a pang or an ecstasy of love.

We rarely meet with people who have not strong preferences. A warm heart must have them. An eye that loves the beautiful, must love some female. We only call that love which assumes the outward form of it. Could we but fathom the hearts about us, what violent and enduring passions should we discover? There is a necessity in our nature for loving. Every man and every woman loves

some one — yes! would be willing to sacrifice very much for some one. According as the sensibilities and the generous emotions are awakened in childhood, is the extent of this.

Children, who have had kind mothers and sisters, whom they loved, are already, from an early habit of bestowing their affections, more prone to form strong attachments than others. Such persons bring upon themselves the character of fickle, because, wherever they are, they have some peculiar object of interest. The disposition exists in the heart, not in the attractions of the objects around them. Some are called sure and firm, because they love so few, or are so indifferent to all, that they escape the charge of inconsistency, by loving chiefly themselves.

But society makes a choice necessary. We generally choose the woman for a wife, who happens to fill the eye at the time we are ready to enter into matrimony. We think, full surely, good easy men, that our greatness has ripened; we feel that our hopes of happiness are fulfilled. Intercourse and habit cement the bond of chance, and we, in time, get to regard that as the strongest and only love we ever felt, because it has ended according to the laws of nature, and conformably to the usages of society.

Byron says:

Few — none — find what they love or could have loved,
Though accident, blind contact, and the strong
Necessity of loving, have removed
Antipathies — but to recur, ere long,
Envenom'd with irrevocable wrong;
And Circumstance, that unspiritual god
And miscreator, makes and helps along
Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod,
Whose touch turns Hope to Dust — the Dust we all have trod.

He was too cynical by half: his own domestic misfortunes had embittered his life, and filled his mind with prejudices toward women and matrimony. He wrote the above sentiment for poetry's sake; though, as is always the case with him, he mixes much truth with falsity. He gives enough of truth to attract the attention; gives you the shell of a feeling or circumstance, and then fills up the body of it with the bitter mixtures of his own unhappy mind.

CHAPTER V.

At school, every boy looks to his college life — to getting admitted to college — as the ultimatum of his wishes. To the poor shut-up being, who has no will of his own, who is tasked and whipped, scolded and cuffed about, as if he had no right to have an opinion, the wild freedom of collegians, as they dash past the dull school house in gigs, on horseback, or in coaches — their city, rakish air, (in my day,) their gallantry, their long-tailed coats, with ornamented sleeves, present a contrast with his situation, which makes him long to be any thing but what he is.

On Saturdays might be seen, any where in the streets of C — , groups of them, all dressed with the utmost precision and neatness, as they met from the perambulations, which were their usual pastime

on that occasion. To look at the ladies, and to be seen by them; to meet with dear young friends of the other sex, some of whom had no doubt pledged their first and pure love to the embryo divine or lawyer, risking all the chances of an unformed character, amid the seductions of a college, willing to take for granted, that that which they loved must be good; some to play at billiards; and some to patronise milliner's shops and the confectioners, filled up this day of recreation.

Early engagements with collegians is a very common thing in our country. And certainly it is very natural that a young man, who has read of Dido and Æneas, and Ovid's *Art of Love*, should wish to know something practically of the passion. Such connections sometimes turn out well for the female; but woe be to the young man who thus early shackles himself with a passion to clog his mind, disturb his peace, and create anxiety and restlessness at the time when he needs every energy he can summon to mould and create his character! And woe may be, too, to the fair young girl, that thus leans upon a reed, that may be strong enough to support her slight form for an hour of dalliance and love, in the time of youthful ardor and the vigor of hope, but which she has never tested in sickness, in distress, or in sorrow! If unfortunate in this long protracted engagement; if her lover look with new eyes upon himself, and the world, and her, as in ninety-nine times in a hundred he will, the freshness of her youth is gone; her affections find no answer; all her darling imaginations are dispelled, and she becomes a hackneyed flirt, or a heartless coquette — an unhappy old maid, or, worst of all, a dissatisfied wife.

I beg the reader's pardon for being so discursive; but my story is a picture of my mind, and if he does not gather good from the history itself, he may find a lesson in the execution of it.

I believe I was describing the idea boys have of college. Well — I considered it as a place of perfect freedom, where I should at once be a man, govern my own hours, and do just as I pleased, in all respects. The chief happiness I anticipated, was in getting rid of lessons, for I never thought of any inducements to study, except fear of flogging; and I had understood they did not whip at college. So absolutely destitute was my character, at that time, of all high and elevated notions of learning. At school we knew of few books, beside our task-books: juvenile literature had not been born. It was the age of rocking-horses and puppet-shows — of cup and ball, top and marbles. We had, to be sure, Baron Trenck, and Baron Munchausen, Robinson Crusoe, and Peregrine Pickle, which we thought very funny. The only useful book I had ever read, before I went to college, was '*Instinct Displayed*;' and I wish I could find it now. Peter Parley was a young man in his travels, and the Library of Entertaining Knowledge was not accumulated.

I loved to ride a swift horse better than any thing, and to skate. I was fond of music, and walks in the woods, in summer time. I was fond of females, because they rather caressed me; but we had no leading minds at our school. Most of us had been at Sidney Place for many years, and the few new comers soon assimilated to our useless habits. There was no inspiration in our teacher. He was a

money-catcher, and kept school on speculation. When I was entered at college, I was fourteen years of age, and perfectly ignorant of the world. I knew not of its vices, its miseries, the hard gripings of poverty, or the anxious cares of wealth. Of money, too, I was ignorant — of its value, the means of acquiring it, or the economy of spending it. My wants were all supplied, and that was sufficient. I supposed they always would be, for I had received no lessons, beside those to fit me for college. Every body I saw seemed to be employed for pleasure's sake. I envied our milkman, because he was always driving about a cart; and stage-drivers, and coachmen seemed upon the pinnacle of felicity. I had no refined tastes, no lofty hopes, no aspirations after the beautiful and true. My mind was a barren waste. What wonder, then, that when I began my collegiate course, I should soon feel degraded!

Every year are sent to L — College, the flower of the youth of our country — the sons of the opulent — the children of good country clergymen, (pure, excellent young men,) and the favorites of the village over all the land.

I found myself surrounded by those altogether my superiors in scholarship, in taste, in habits of study — by those who came to acquire knowledge, while I only thought of the credit of being in college.

My father had furnished my room very handsomely, and seemed sorry he could not expend more money for my outfit. He attended to the arrangement of the room, and was anxious that nothing should be wanting for my comfort, and to put me upon an equality with the best, as far as externals could go. My chum was a very clever, dull fellow, one of my school-mates, much my senior, who cared more for himself than any thing else, and would not have raised his hand to save my life, if it would cost him any trouble. He was thoroughly a selfish character, and really took pleasure in the troubles with which I was soon surrounded. This young man was under no obligation to save me, beyond a general moral interest we owe to all our fellow creatures, but he might have assisted me, and cautioned me when I took my first steps in error — in errors that have destroyed my usefulness, and made me an unhappy man.

The first week I acquitted myself pretty well, in Latin; at least, I thought so. The next week came Greek. I knew nothing of the Grammar — I took *dead set* after *dead set*, that is, I was set down. For the first time in my life, my cheek burned with shame for not knowing a lesson. I retired to my room to weep. I was mortified to appear ignorant, where every body thought so much of learning. My pride was hurt, for the appearance, not for the fact. Sections of the class alternated each week in Latin and Greek. The Greek week was my abhorrence. I used to sit up night after night till two o'clock, to try to master my lesson. My chum would not assist me, and I was too proud to ask assistance of strangers. I knew not how to go to work. I laid my head upon my book and wept. Disgrace followed disgrace, but I soon found I had fellows in company, and part of my mortification subsided.

I wished to be considered as a man, as a gentleman: and here in the outset I found all my furniture and regard to dress could not save

me from sinking in the estimation of my classmates. When I visited home, to my father's inquiries how I liked college, my answers were only tears. He could not understand my case: he was not enough of a scholar to penetrate my mind. I was considered a lively, smart boy, and he could see no difficulty in my way, and thought his eldest son must, of course, do well.

This scene of tears, at home, was often repeated, till at last it ceased—for I had become hardened. I found I could not excel as a scholar, and I took another path. I begged my lessons out, as at school; my classmates prompted me; I boasted of more studying, and this saved my reputation for talents. I missed as often as I could with impunity. I bought translations—I framed excuses—in short, I rubbed along one term, without being suspended for idleness.

Mine was the case of very many young men who enter college, particularly from the South, with more pride than learning. They are lively, intelligent young men, and in society, rank high—much before the patient, drudging students, who are laying up rich stores for the future. Accustomed to lead, they do not relish the inferiority they are made to feel in the recitation room; so they ridicule 'digging,' and try to shine as geniuses—men who can recite tolerably well from mother wit.

But where was my mind at this time? What was my advancement? Where were my father's golden hopes? All about to be buried! Next to my room, there lived Tom Reine. He is dead now—God save him! He came to college, eighteen years of age. He had been through the whole field of vices, long before that time. He was a good fellow, in common acceptance, vicious from habit, generous from carelessness, and selfish, too, sometimes, from an utter want of any fixed principle. Pleasure was his employment. To attain a favorite object, he would betray his best friend; and to avoid trouble, he would do a favor to his worst enemy. His mind was premature. He wrote good poetry, talked elegantly and easily upon all subjects, and always appeared well at recitation; sometimes, for effect, very splendidly. Every body said he might be the first scholar in the class, if he pleased; and this kind of reputation was just what satisfied him.

I suppose he discovered a spice of the devil in me, and so he took me into his keeping. We were inseparable—spent our time in singing, smoking, and sometimes we drank of a night large draughts of wine. This last was an excess I seldom ventured upon, for I woke in the morning after a debauch as crazy as I went to bed. Smoking was our favorite stimulant, which, while it intoxicates the mind, does not, for the time, much affect the body. A young man may keep himself excited by tobacco for years, and yet be *called* temperate, though (I speak from experience,) it as much clouds the sense, and ruins the mind, as wine.

Tom laughed me out of my sensitiveness, and said it was beneath a man of spirit to care a d—n about scholarship. His words soothed my feelings, and I very soon became as idle and indifferent as himself. Still I was, in my own estimation, degraded. I had, as yet, not gone far in dissipation. The early instructions of my mother still,

at times, had an influence over me; and when I compared myself with what I began to find out I ought to be, I was very unhappy. I was disappointed at finding that, at college, to be respectable, more labor was to be undergone than at school, and that those of the wild and dissipated only were admitted to clubs, who softened their faults by attention, generally, to their studies.

I had no such offset. I was nothing. I began to see the errors of my own education, and to regret them. With the strongest wish to be distinguished, I had not the power. Sysiphus like, I never could bring my resolutions to the sticking place, and every broken vow only weakened the force of my character.

In the same entry with myself, there were two young men, who made their books their pleasure. They had entered with a high standing, for they came from a school remarkable for the good habits of study of its pupils. They always came honorably prepared. They knew enough to make them wish to know more.

These young men were of infinite service to me, or wished to be. They were nearly of my own age, and saw the difficulty I had to contend with. They voluntarily assisted me in the most delicate manner, and endeavored to withdraw me from the influence of Tom Reine. I was in their room often, and they cautioned me of my danger. Would to heaven I had followed their advice!

I know them now. They are of moderate talents, but both rising fast in the world by the force of mere industry. One of them, more particularly my friend, is the most remarkable person I ever knew, for the strong determination of his character. I believe these young men studied fourteen hours a day, during the freshman year. Such labor, even upon Latin and Greek, will lay the foundation, in any good mind, for incalculable usefulness. A mind thus disciplined in its infancy, will never shrink from that toil, which, more than any thing else, makes men great at the bar.

Though I appreciated the character of these young men, and wished to imitate them, my acquaintance with them did little else than put off for a short time the result of my idleness. I was so indurated in sloth and frivolity, that from the most bitter reflections upon my own conduct, I could turn, upon the slightest temptation, with the most thoughtless inconsistency to my usual pastimes.

I have not here to describe many scenes of gross debauchery. L — is not the place for such. Drinking at taverns and shops is not the vice of L — students; and it is too much trouble, and comes too unhandy, and youth is generally too indifferent to wine, to have it brought often enough to the rooms to create a habit. The old L — tavern tells a whole chapter upon the sobriety of the students. It is and ever has been, since I could recollect, a dirty place, the resort of horse-jockeys and grog-drinkers. A student is never seen there in the day time, and only at night, for the sake of a beef-steak or a broiled chicken. What few scenes of dissipation I can recollect, then, were managed in our rooms. Tobacco is the vice of students. To that, and the recklessness of youth, they are indebted for their wild spirits. Our nerves get shattered at college by the use of this weed and late hours; and after we get more broadly into the world, we are fit subjects for the inroad of grosser habits. But

as to eating, I think I have witnessed wonderful feats in that line of indulgence. We had suppers sometimes — a pair of chickens to a man. Who could study or think of books under such a regimen?

How differently heaven dispenses the powers of gormandizing! One man eats his fill, without any inconvenience; another trembles for the consequences as he passes his spare diet to his mouth. The gastric juice of some men will corrode even iron, for they eat with impunity any thing, from a tough beef-steak to cold roast pork and hard boiled eggs, and these in any quantity; while the fancied dyspeptic dabbles with his dry toast and tea, cuts his meat into shreds, and then is half killed with the horrors of digestion. Such men must go to their meals as the thief to the gallows — only the last has the advantage, in having to suffer but once.

If you would choose a man of feats in eating, go to the walls of a college — look for a spare, tall young man, whose large bones hang together as if by wires. Let him have a hatchet-face, a long nose, skinny hands, large feet, very unusually long legs, which have supported him for about eighteen years. Set him down to a table of any thing, keep him in good humor, and 'make believe' to eat yourself. You shall see miracles! And then the best of the joke is, to see his ease of deportment after the mass is stowed. He is as thin as before. He grins in horrible delight, as his memory runs over his late feast. You may perhaps have some fears for your own bread and steaks: the passion is up; soothe him with a cigar, but do not be alone long, with such a man. Well — go to tea with him — a college tea, of hot cakes and cold ham or beef, and you will see that the reservoir is empty, ready to be filled. But what is most remarkable, is, that this very Ajax will go to his room, and study six hours at a sitting, upon Greek or mathematics, after such feeding, and be up in the morning, going smiling to prayers.

Different from him, is the little gentleman who comes to college with a taste adulterated at home, by sweet-meats and cakes, from his infancy. He cannot think of boarding in commons; he eats at a private table, but lives mostly in his room, upon oranges, candy, and gingerbread. Such little men are excellent at a supper of ducks. Chicken is too cheap and vulgar. To eat with appetite, they must be sure the dish is genteel.

But if you would see good sport, go to the room of some young freshman, who is more bent upon fun than style. He is preparing for a feast at ten o'clock at night. He is roasting his potatoes by a blazing fire, and a group of six or eight are watching the process, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. By and by the table is set — his study table — the butter is unrolled from a sheet of paper — it was hooked from commons; perhaps the potatoes were hooked too. The salt is produced from his waistcoat pocket, and an old knife or two is found. Some eat with their fingers, and the knife passes round for the butter: the salt is used with less ceremony.

'How devilish hot this is!' says one, who runs about the room, as if it would stop the pain.

'Ha — ha — ha!' roar out the whole club of little potato eaters. They are all so happy, they can laugh at any thing.

'Fellows,' issues from the stuffed mouth of another, 'I shan't be taken up to-morrow, I guess; they say the lesson is as hard as the d—l.'

Some decide upon a 'miss,' some upon 'tick;' the lesson is soon forgotten, and the potatoes rapidly disappear.

Some one raps! All are pale as death. *Suspensions, publics, privates*, stare them in the face.

'Clear the table!—there, in that closet!—hush!' Some creep under the bed, and the room is still as a mouse, in a moment. The rap grows louder. 'Who's there?' 'It's me.' 'Who's me?' I've got the porter.'

The door is opened, the emissary for porter appears, loaded with two bottles of beer. The company emerge from their hiding places, joking each other for being afraid. By taking turns, they finish the liquor, all drinking out of one glass. Now the cigars are introduced, and here comes the tug of war. All would be smokers, but few knew how. It is got through with, with difficulty—to some by the loss of their supper; some retching and coughing. And thus ends the first attempt of a freshman, who would imitate the higher classes, in what, in college, is called a '*blow-out*.'

CHAPTER VI.

Il n'y a que d'une sorte d'amour, mais il y'en a mille differentes copies.

LA ROCHEFAUCAULT

THE first term being ended, I returned home to a long vacation of seven weeks. My books were thrown aside, and I was glad to avoid the sight of them. It was the gayest part of the year in the city. I was received by all my father's acquaintance as a gentleman—a man—though a mere boy, then. I was invited to parties with my mother and sister, and treated with all the respect shown to any one. I drank wine with gentlemen, after dinner; frequented the theatre; had the command of my father's horses; made calls, and wore a starched shirt collar.

I was, however, in a measure charmed away from the enticements of a city life to a raw youth, by a fondness for music and an affection for my cousin. My sister kept me out of harm's way, frequently, by promising, if I would remain at home, to play for me as long as I wished her to; and my dear cousin sat by, and looked so much like an angel, that I was enticed by music and beauty away from folly and vice.

This cousin was really a beautiful girl; and though very much my senior, I felt for her the strongest attachment or reverence. She was twenty, and I a little more than fourteen. She was tall and well formed. She had a large dark eye, full of tenderness and sweetness—it was a majestic eye, too. She must have seen that I admired her. I was not conscious then that I evinced any extraordinary preference, but as memory carries me back, I can look upon myself as a fervent lover. My love was not expressed in words and gestures, but in looks and blushes. If I happened to touch her hand, it

thrilled through me; if I found any thing belonging to her, I took deep delight in looking at it, and kissing it. I was unconscious of time, in her presence. I do not believe, though I was familiar at that time with all the vices of young men, by hearsay, that I ever coupled a sensual thought with my admiration for my cousin. She seemed the purest, the most perfect being, in the world, partaking more of a heavenly than an earthly nature.

It is difficult, in all cases, for a young man to reconcile the ideas he entertains of his mistress with the grossness of our natural passions: so we young men, (and it is very lucky, for the good of society and the institutions of domestic life,) help ourselves along in the delusion, that what *we* love, is not so much of earth as heaven. We never look at the subject in its true light, but follow the blind meteors of the fancy. If men had been metaphysical in love, knight-errantry never would have existed: we should have lost on this account some of the finest creations of the poet; and, indeed, if every thing were to be viewed in its true colors, we should become so matter-of-fact, that machinery would be the only object of interest.

My cousin was Catholic. I attended her to church, and as we knelt before the imposing ceremonies of the service, I would sometimes steal a glance at her face. She was a devout believer in her religion, and gave up herself to its passionate idolatry. Good God! what emotions possessed me, as I caught the inspiration of her countenance! I could have knelt at her feet, and worshipped her. The organ, with its hollow thunders, swept over the soul, and lifted it to rapturous emotions. Oh, what would I give for the feelings of those hours back again! I know I was a fool, but I felt in the sincerity of childhood. I was bending in the adoration of the fanatic. I was only physically excited by love, and music, and grand ceremonies — but it was bliss. Now, as I review these scenes, and look about upon the emptiness of this earth to me, I seem to have descended from heaven to hell — to have lost and not gained by the comings of experience.

In the whole course of my life, visions or glimpses of what is good have constantly been presented to my mind, only to make me feel how far I am from what I should be. I have the double misery, too, of knowing all the causes which conspired to give uneasiness to my mind, and instability to my conduct. I had no strong anchors; I had no processes of thought in my mind; I was left open to impressions, but I could not seize upon them, to any good purpose. Every thing was vague and unsettled. Religion, love, music, fame, all passions, came and went, and left no trace. Each for the moment filled my attention to the utmost stretch; the fancy of the moment vanished, and left me vacant and empty.

It is not so with the young man who has been trained to think and understand his work. A science is to him a castle — a fortification to the citadel of the intellect. It retains good stores for a siege; it keeps back invaders; it systematizes what comes new into the head, and causes it to partake of the general order and arrangement the head is under. It gives a tone and character to our cogitations; for we then have something to compare our thoughts with — to refer them to, as a test.

But who can have a science without a taste for it? And who can have a taste for that which he does not understand, in abstruse studies? The mind of an undisciplined youth, who is open to good impressions from the circumstances of his birth, his situation, is like a rich, uncultivated field, surrounded by gardens; the winds of heaven scatter the seeds of good fruits over it, as society gives impressions; the showers place them in the earth, as our senses receive ideas. They come up in beauty to the light, but being neglected, and choked, and trodden down, by grosser feelings, as the brute tramples over the flower-bed, we lose what, with proper care, might have been made so useful and so beautiful.

Thompson told us a truth, years ago, in education, when he said, 'Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.' We acknowledge it in theory, but we neglect it in practice. Every one, who thinks at all upon the subject of education, who understands the origin of character, and feels the effect of circumstances upon himself, knows that we too much overlook this truth in the education of the young. It is impossible to regulate entirely the impressions of children, for thousands occur whose influence is felt, though we receive them unconsciously; but strong and overpowering habits of thought should be inculcated, to do away the wrong notions we are necessarily exposed to imbibe.

I can point to thousands of my countrymen, born to the highest earthly hopes, whose lives have been wasted, whose health has been destroyed, who, while they lasted, spent bitter, bitter hours, and died young; whose *bent* was given in infancy; whose blood was stagnated by hothouse culture and indulgence, and who have seen and felt, as the lamp of life was going out, that with the highest capacity for doing good, they have done wrong by a kind of fatalism.

What mind can suffer more than such minds suffer? The prisoner chained to the wheel, is happy in comparison with that man who is chained to habits of vicious indulgence; who is constantly looking down the dizzy height over which he is about to be plunged, in hopeless ruin, for time and eternity.

During this vacation, an incident occurred which has been very influential upon my life. My father married a second wife. The cruelty and injustice of step-mothers is an old story to childhood. Mothers themselves, as if for self-protection, and with the jealousy of woman's heart, implant the hate of step-mothers in the hearts of their children; not often intentionally, and as a regular lesson, for people rarely expect to die and leave their children; but this sentiment falls in occasional remarks about their neighbors; in gossip parties, where ladies meet to canvass the claims of some unfortunate woman who has settled herself, and escaped an irrevocable old maidism, by accepting the station of wife to an old widower, with a large family of children. It is one of those involuntary feelings, which show themselves unawares to ourselves: at any rate, I record the fact, which is common enough, that children are prepared to dislike step-mothers. No matter how pure the substitute may be — no matter how affectionate and kind — children cannot help viewing her as intruding upon their rights. If property is at stake, she lessens their share; if they loved their mothers much, if their memories be sacred in the heart,

children view the step-mother as the seducer of their father. To the chivalrous feeling of youth about love and constancy, it appears like a prostitution of the affections. While the child remembers the mother that 'watched o'er his childhood,' and finds her place filled by another, who demands her services, and assumes her name, he feels that there is an inconsistency, but he cannot explain it to himself; his heart is hardened in rebellion. The father, too, is all the time watching lest his wife meet with slight from his children, and every accidental neglect is construed by him into intentional insult. Difficulties occur in the family circle; mistrust and suspicion on one side, wounded affections on the other, and the stubborn sense of wrong; the father loses the regard of his offspring; his authority is defied, and his house abandoned.

Who can calculate the extent of such a state of domestic affairs upon the pliant character of youth? Possessed of a hasty and impetuous spirit, after the charm of novelty had worn off — after the wedding cake was eaten, and the congratulations over — after the temporary importance, any change, whether of death, birth, or marriage, gives its members — after all these excitements had subsided, by the law of moral gravitation, I began to hate my mother. Why, I cannot tell. I knew her in after years as the pattern of excellence, as the most patient, the most devoted of mothers to us all. She was by nature a mild woman, with highly cultivated tastes, and an unruffled sweetness of temper; but she was not suited to take charge of a young tiger or wild-cat. We were a large family, and my brothers were perfect torments: they were counterparts of myself; though heaven be praised, they have had better training. She succeeded in gaining their affections, for they were too young, at the time she entered our family, to have fixed prejudices. She moulded their characters after the pattern of her own, tamed the wild luxuriance of their minds, grafted upon them the love of knowledge and the love of virtue, gave them principles, and excited in them pure tastes. They are, I believe, fine fellows; but I have not seen them for twenty years.

I now look back with admiration at the patience and endurance with which she suffered all our slights and impudence. Never do I recollect of her having complained to our father. She suffered in secret. I have often seen her in tears. What misery she must have endured! Had she been a very fashionable, party-giving, shopping, journeying, hysterical, heartless woman, how different would have been the lot of my brothers! My father was a man of violent passions. A cunning woman might have gained the whole ground to herself, and turned us all out of doors; for my father was easily influenced by those he loved.

The difficulties were so frequent on my account, that since, soon after my father's marriage, I have never had a permanent home in my father's house. College vacations were planned to be spent abroad; and though for months, sometimes, I staid at home, yet never with the feeling that I was other than a visitor, whose presence could well be dispensed with.

Who does not know the sanctifying influence of the domestic hearth? Take from a young man his love for home — deprive him

of domestic habits and domestic affections — and the road is clear for base passions to enter. The young and enthusiastic mind must have something to cling to. Like the ivy, it will reach out its tendrils far to seek support, but finding nothing around which it may wind, it sinks to earth, and grapples with the base soil. I pity the orphan; I pity the stranger in a strange land; but, Oh! I pity most of all the desolate youth, who by his own vices, his own obstinacy, his own pride, has closed the hearts of his family to his welcome. Think of the misery that mind must endure, which, with the knowledge of what is good and refined, finds itself deprived of these legitimate privileges of its nature, and is driven by turns with despair and indignation to seek alleviation for the bitterness of its lot, in what looks to the inexperienced like pleasure. The youth without a home is like a mariner without a compass, in a boundless sea: he has no point from which or to which to direct his course, but is driven, here and there, upon a tumultuous ocean, unknowing and unknown. At a time when so much is said in the cause of education, and when so many plans are offered for its improvement, I am surprised that the influence of home is so much disregarded.

Parents! do not send your sons and daughters from home. Do not destroy the love for your fireside, and the objects about home. Let their eyes rest upon the same furniture, and the same prospects; let their slumbers be, where they slept when very young. There are valuable associations there. Keep them under the shadow of your wings. They were given to you; who can watch over them like you? Who can pray with them like you? Who can love them like you? Do not sever the bonds of home! Home binds the heart to virtue. Home is pure. Who would defile his father's house? Who dreams of vice in the presence of his younger brothers and sisters? How healing to the sick and worn out spirit is the society of those young prattlers, whose blood, we feel in our hearts, is derived from the same source as our own?

Mistrust not the warning of one, who records deeds of folly and years of uselessness — the confessions of penitence — produced directly by exile from home — by having no home but a world full of vice; no friends, but the chance companions of pleasure. But do mistrust, I warn you to mistrust, the pretensions of schools, 'where every attention is paid to the morals of the pupils.' Their air is moral death. They deaden that fine sensibility which keeps us children of God, before we are under the influence of higher principles. Beside, children are always unhappy away from home, when they cease from their sports, and have time to think. How many blessed seasons of sorrow and contrition for faults are lost by this separation! A child will not open its heart to a stranger, or one he esteems as a governor. Were your child with you, how you might, in such seasons, rivet the principle of love and gratitude to you, and fix a strong impression upon some point of conduct! When every hour is training your child for some character, can you trust him in his ductile years to be absent from your hearths for months? When he shall return, you will not know him. He has become a different being from what he was when he left you. You do not *now* know the avenues to his heart, consequently you have lost your influence

over him. Still, he is bound to you by the idea, that we must love our parents. He will say that he loves you, and will resent your wrongs, and be happy in your successes, but you will see that he does this more from childish habit, than from any really hearty feeling between you. He will never seek you in child-like confidence, silently to ask your sympathy, or turn his face, full of the overflowings of a loving heart, to yours to speak his affection. He will never seem pleased in your society, but consider it as a restraint he would gladly be rid of. He will come to you for money, but he will ask it more as a favor due to his wants, than a gift paid for in love for you. He will ask your concurrence in his views, more from a wish to avoid your opposition, than to strengthen the dictates of his own judgment. If you endeavor to control him, in the dangerous passage from boy to man, he will view your authority as assumption, and escape from it as tyranny. But this boarding-school education is the education nine-tenths of the sons of rich men receive, in our country.

If it be asked how this result is to be avoided, we answer, by keeping our children with us; by studying their dispositions; making them our friends; getting their confidence, and in this way searching their hearts. What a chance does a young man run now! He is thrown boldly into the world to sink or swim. It is a trial by fire — by the fire of the passions, untempered by age, unregulated by experience. But the reader is looking for incident, and is weary of my youth. I set out with the intention of writing a ‘plain unvarnished tale,’ and ‘a history of my mind.’ The reader must know causes. I ask his patience, and if necessary, his pardon.

ADVICE TO A LOVER.

FROM THE SCRAP-BOOK OF A BACHELOR BOOK-WORM.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prithee why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Prithee why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Prithee why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
 This cannot take her;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her —
 The devil take her!

SUPERSTITIONS OF BURIAL.

It is said of Diogenes, that when his friends asked him, toward the close of his life, how he would be buried, he replied that he 'did not desire them to bury him at all, but to throw him into the field.' That, they told him, was the way to be devoured by the birds and beasts. 'No,' says he, 'you may put a cudgel by my side.' 'A cudgel! How should you make use of it, when you have neither sense nor feeling?' 'T is there,' said he, 'that I wanted you. What need I care what is done with me, when I have neither sense nor feeling?' The satirical reasoning of Diogenes, on the subject of disposing of his body after death, seems *strictly* rational: for what is the corporeal mass, when the spirit which ennobled it has taken its flight, but inert matter, as insensible and worthless as the clods beneath our feet? Nay, we are not taught by nature or religion to think it otherwise. The angel of death may ride upon the storm, and doom thousands to wait their judgment in the caverns of the great deep; he may career amid the thunders and lightnings of battle, till myriads of corpses fatten the field of conflict, and the living be not able to bury the dead; he may will that the earth open and entomb a nation in undistinguished burial; he may ordain that fire shall consume the body, the elements waste it, or some violent accident or convulsion scatter it; and yet, we are assured, nothing which can happen to the body can affect our immortal destiny.

With this settled conviction upon our minds, the question may naturally arise, why in this enlightened age is there so much anxiety in regard to the mere body, when nothing can preserve it from corruption and the worm?

A friend dies — we arrange the mournful ceremonials of his interment — we give a tearful tribute to sorrow for his loss, and the memory of his virtues. His spiritual essence is released from its bonds of clay, and all that lies before us is dust, soon to be consigned to its original dust. But do our minds stop here? We follow him to the grave. We look down into his narrow tenement, upon the frail receptacle which hides the progress of decay. A moment more, and the clods are heaped up to the common level of the soil, and the face of nature seems to say, 'All is earth — undistinguishable and common.' Do our minds stop here? We mark the spot with some slight memorial; a tablet soon appears, to distinguish and preserve the hallowed ground. We visit it, and our feelings are stirred as we read the name once familiar to our lips and our ears, and associate it with virtues and endearments which once lived in the form that sleeps below. Though that form may have mouldered, we think not of this. Though the reptile may, even at the moment, be rioting upon all that once shone in beauty and grace, yet we think not of this. Our thoughts are not of earth nor of corruption. If our friend is before us, he appears as we once knew him; and if our thoughts extend to the future, we invest him with new attributes of dignity and beauty, and think not of the time when we too shall moulder, but when we shall put off all that is perishable, and rise to a new and refined existence.

I find that, in considering this subject, I have imperceptibly run into
VOL. IX.

sentiment, though at the same time I have perhaps given the chief reasons for the reverence paid to the bodies of the dead in Christian countries. With the dead is inseparably associated the memory of their lives; and it is unfeeling and futile presumption, to speak of philosophy—of dust and forgetfulness—among assembled mourners, who recognise in the passive clay the remains of a friend, a husband, or a father. Nay, reverence for our own deceased relatives teaches us respect for the breathless human form, under whatever circumstances of desolation or destitution it may come before us. The unknown and shipwrecked mariner, on a Christian shore, finds a Christian grave. Particular spots are consecrated to this duty, and the dead are carefully watched and guarded, till they are conveyed to their appointed resting-place, and hidden from human eyes for ever.

There is no doubt a strong feeling, somewhat bordering upon superstition, in regard to the dead. How strongly soever Reason may argue, and however ready men may be to submit to the accidental circumstances which deprive their friends of burial, yet the violation of the grave is regarded with the greatest abhorrence. Science, assisted by reason, may appeal to the understanding for liberality, and yet the reclaiming of poor discarded matter from corruption, to assist the knowledge of man, is regarded by many with the utmost abhorrence. It is not my purpose to inquire into the secret causes of this feeling, least of all to blame it.

There are few nations, either civilized or barbarous, that do not venerate the ashes of the dead; and the most barbarous have always been noted as the most irreverent to the bones of their ancestors. In the ancient and modern civilized nations, monuments have been erected to stir up future emulation for the virtues of the individuals they celebrated, and appeals to the memory of their ancestors have always been found inspiring a people of character and honor. A religious veneration for the tombs and traditions of their ancestors, was a striking characteristic of the naturally-gifted aborigines of this country; and all history shows us, that where this feeling is implanted, it is generally attended with virtues and qualities of a high order of moral dignity.

I have thus far been considering only the feelings and sentiments of the living in regard to the dead. Let me now make a few remarks upon some of the opinions, or rather notions of men, in regard to the disposal of their bodies after death.

Instances have not been unfrequent, of men who seemed to attach some fearful superstition to the situation of their bodies after death, and who have therefore given particular directions to their friends in reference to them. This is not extraordinary, where some religious tenet affords the inducement, as in the desire of burial in consecrated ground; but when we hear of bodies transported beyond seas, in order to be laid in a particular church-yard or family-vault—of the anxiety at times manifested to be laid beside some friend or object of affection—of the pang, which adds keenness to death, of breathing one's last in a foreign land—and of the numberless cares and anxieties which poor frail mortals give themselves, on the confines of eternity, for that, which, whatever is done with it, can have neither sense nor

feeling, nor sympathy nor emotion — it is sufficient to excite philosophic inquiry, if not surprise and wonder.

Few of those who express a desire to be buried beside a friend, or in some particular spot, if asked the reason of their request, would answer that they believed they might have either communion with the loved departed, or the visible works of nature; and yet the feeling is strong; it is undefinable. It will not admit of subtle inquiry, what it is which induces them to wish when dead, to be among objects loved while living. It may be — it undoubtedly is — a kind of superstition, which occasions the desire, but it is a superstition so closely interwoven with the finest feelings of the human heart, that to tear it away, would injure the whole delicate texture of human sensibility. The philosophy of Diogenes is undoubtedly correct, and yet how few are there, who, while they acknowledge its truth, would be willing to say with him, 'What need I care what is done with me, when I have neither sense nor feeling?'

Every nation has its peculiar customs in regard to burial, and all of them are more or less imbued with superstition. The grave, however, is the link which seems to connect this world with the next, and with the important but shadowy concerns of the future. These concerns are universally allowed to be beyond the reach of cold philosophy. It is then perhaps best, that in our investigations, we pause upon the borders of the grave, and while some of us may say, in relation to our frail bodies, 'What need I care what is done with me, when I have neither sense nor feeling?' yet let us at the same time have that charity for the minds of others, which will enforce a reverence and respect for those mysterious thoughts which follow them to their last sleep, and which seem to surround the tomb with a continual and living interest.

P.

WINTER LIGHTNING.

The flash at midnight! 't was a light
That gave the blind a moment's sight,
Then sunk in tenfold gloom;
Loud, deep, and long the thunder broke,
The deaf ear instantly awoke,
Then closed as in the tomb:
An angel might have passed my bed,
Sounded the trump of God, and fled.

So life appears: a sudden birth,
A glance revealing heaven and earth,
It *is* and it is *not*!
So fame the poet's hope deceives,
Who sings for after times, and leaves
A name — to be forgot:
Life is a lightning-flash of breath,
Fame but a thunder-clap at death.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

MASSANIELLO.*

CHAPTER I.

OPPRESSION.

'Be not alarmed, fair matron — most divine! Was a Di Doria ever ungenerous?'

'Unhand me, proud noble! You know not what you do; I am the wife of Massaniello.'

'Massaniello? — a fisherman, I suppose. And what is your fisherman, Massaniello, to the mightiest noble in all Naples? By our Lady, madam, you were fit to grace the halls of the mightiest! Am I not right, Morelli? Speak, knave!'

'Di Doria, if such you be, again I say, unhand me! I can rouse friends by my own cottage.'

'Humph, and what then? The times are too unquiet, methinks, for rank to wander thus far unattended. You see my retinue?'

'And mark it well. I beseech you release me!'

'It promises well, when threats turn thus quickly into prayers. Nay, fair lady — wedded you may be — it's all one to me. What say you, Morelli, is 't fair to plunder thus in open day?'

But ere the inebriated noble could obtain reply to his appeal, the matron, whom he detained by the wrist, made one violent effort, and succeeded in releasing herself from his grasp. As she turned to take advantage of her escape in flight, he whose wife she had acknowledged herself, stood before her, gazing with all the indignation of an injured man, at the wretch who thus invaded his fireside rights. She sprang to his side with an exclamation of joy, as at deliverance from a mighty danger, and as if his single arm were to protect her against the armed retinue of the noble. Massaniello comprehended the whole scene at a glance, and the look he bestowed upon Di Doria might have awed any but the senseless inebriate. But this head of one of the most powerful houses in Naples was not inclined to yield his prey thus readily, and he hardly seemed aware of the presence of the fisherman, as he again advanced to the trembling wife. Massaniello placed himself before her, and calmly folded his arms, as he confronted the staggering noble. Quick as thought, the drunkard struck his opponent across the face, but ere the blow was half spent, their eyes met, and, as if awe-stricken, he sallied back between his advancing men, ere the fisherman could raise his hand to parry the assault, or return the blow. He was wholly unarmed, but the flash of his proud eye might well strike terror into the mercenary attendants of the noble. Resistance in him would have been futile and dangerous; but there gathered on his countenance an expression of settled revenge, as, through his clenched teeth, he muttered, in tones of deadly resolution:

'Di Doria, proud as you are, that blow shall be avenged, or I forfeit the last drop of blood that runs in my veins!'

Nobles were not wont at this time to brook defeat in their mad

* MANY theatre-goers, in the Atlantic cities, will recognise in this story the incidents of the fine opera which bears its name. It will be new, however, to a large portion of our readers.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

schemes, trivial or important ; but now, Di Doria, besotted as he was, could not but notice the threatening looks of the crowd which was every instant increasing about him, and he was constrained to forego the purposes which had been gathering in his heated brain. Slowly, with his train, he moved along toward the adjacent city, while the indignant fisherman, gazing a moment in silence, turned, and with his wife, entered his humble cottage.

CHAPTER II.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

‘GIOVANNI !’

‘Massaniello !’

‘Are our friends convened ?’

‘Ay, and as raging as the crater of yon Vesuvius. They wait but the word, and every sword starts to revenge their wrongs upon the oppressors.’

‘Tis well. They shall not much longer wait for opportunity to display their love for Naples. Know they of this new increase in the taxes ?’

‘In good truth, has it been proclaimed four hours, and not all Naples know it ?’

‘And how is it received ?’

‘As becomes freemen. The very mountains echo their indignant mutterings. All the city groans under the new oppression, and is ready to burst into a flame, were but the match applied.’

‘Just the time has arrived then, Giovanni, for our enterprise ; and to-morrow, Neapolitans shall wade through blood to their freedom.’

‘The blood of the oppressors be on their own head !’

‘Our friends are here ! Welcome, brethren — welcome, Manfrone, Guiseppe, Pietro — Joachim, welcome ! Say, has freedom dawned on Naples, or do I mistake the signs ?’

‘Heaven grant it deliverance from its blood-thirsty tyrants !’ replied they all.

‘And are you, from your souls, resolved on that deliverance ?’

‘We wait but for the signal from our leader.’

‘And was he ever found wanting in his duty ? Was Massaniello ever backward in the execution of any plan to advance the freedom of his native land ? Manfrone, I have personal wrongs to avenge as well as you. My friends, to-day, the hell-kite, Di Doria, invaded my very cottage door, and grossly insulted the wife of my bosom. God knows what he might have done, had I not arrived in time ; you know his temper. But, ’fore God ! he struck me ; ay, even on this cheek, that now burns as fire with the insult. By heaven ! ere another week has passed, he shall repent that blow, or my heart’s blood shall stain the streets of Naples. My friends, to-morrow’s sun sets on Naples disenthralled !’

‘Amen ! and God be with us.’

‘Repair you at market time, to-morrow morning, to the western entrance of the city, with every friend that can be raised. Giovanni has all the directions for your conduct, but this : when I call for

help, be ready, and make no hesitation with your assistance. Be prompt, and we will surprise the sluggish despots with an energetic overthrow of their power. Let there be no faltering, and triumph shall be ours.'

'Welcome the combat! — down with the oppressors!'

'Adieu, my friends! When next we meet, it shall be to show the world what degraded Naples can do, if she will but try. Adieu, Giovanni, Pietro — all.'

The conspirators departed, looks of determination mingling with those of ardent hopes. Thus plotted a dozen daring souls the overthrow of one of the best established governments in the south of Europe! Their success shall be made apparent.

CHAPTER III.

POPULAR MURMURS.

It was a bright morning in 1647. The sun shone in unclouded splendor upon Naples. The hum of busy life filled the active city. All Naples seemed abroad, and the streets were early thronged with crowds hurrying to and fro on errands of profit or pleasure — or perchance on others more unusual and important. Nobles swept along, with their armed retinues clad in their gayest liveries, and overawing the lowly by their appearance of splendor and power. Yet all was not usually quiet within that city. The working classes of all descriptions were also abroad, and congregating together, choked many of the most frequented avenues. Shops were closed, and the owners mingled with the murmuring crowds which swept to and fro through the streets and squares, like the surging of mighty billows.

Among the extensive masses of human beings, might be seen hurrying about a class of persons, distinguished by small badges, their numbers every moment increasing, and nodding recognition as they approached each other, in edging through the dense assemblage. Silently, yet swiftly, they pursued their busy occupation, distributing their ensigns, and whispering charges to the new recipients. The disquietude seemed to increase with the swift lapse of time, and audible murmurs rose upon the air. The nobles were eyed with increased distrust, their paths obstructed by the congregated thousands, and not unfrequently they were exposed to the taunts and revilings of the mob, accompanied with half-suppressed threats of vengeance upon the well known oppressors of the people. Particularly zealous seemed the wearers of the badge, as if it were promoting their own ends, in fomenting this discord between the mob and the nobility. Those of the latter class, most active in suppressing the rights of the people, were greeted as they passed with the most opprobrious epithets, and but for the strength of their well-appointed followers, might have been exposed to still more humiliating treatment. They noted well the indications of popular ferment; and as the huge mass of people grew larger, they gradually and silently disappeared from the streets.

The sun advanced to its meridian, and the popular excitement

was far from being allayed. A proclamation from the viceroy seemed to serve only as a new incentive, and but added numbers to the vast assemblages of enraged citizens. In the western quarter of the city, the crowds congregated more densely, and it might have been observed that a greater portion bore the trifling badge which had been so sedulously distributed through the multitude. Occasional shouts escaped from different parts, and placards were thrown about at random, bearing talismanic devices, peculiarly dear to Neapolitans. No violence had as yet been attempted or proposed; but it needed not a second glance along the streets, to assure one that there had arisen a popular tumult, which was not to be easily quelled. The viceroy seemed aware of the danger, and after the preparatory proclamation had failed in its purpose, considerable bodies of armed troops made their way to different points of defence along the streets, and collected in the public squares. They encountered threatening looks, but as yet no blood was shed, for the multitude was not prepared. A single spark soon ignited the train, and wrapped the whole city in the flames of a revolution.

CHAPTER IV.

THE REVOLUTION.

FIRST among the neighboring peasantry, who advanced along the principal street on the western side of the city, was Massaniello, his basket well stored with the earliest fruits of the season, and passing in the direction of the collector's office, as if unaware of the popular feeling that was raging in Naples. Despite the indications of tumult, the collectors, emboldened by a portion of the military, proceeded to collect the duty which had been established upon fruit. Massaniello offered the customary duty, and was about to depart, when the collector restrained him.

'How now, peasant, here is but half the duty.'

'But half?' inquired the fruit-dealer, in well-feigned surprise.

'Truly but half, my man. Heard you not the proclamation of the viceroy, doubling all the taxes and duties in the city? Advance the rest.'

'Tis foul oppression,' replied Massaniello, 'and not a whit more of tax shall the Viceroy of Naples ever collect of me.'

As he attempted to proceed, the collectors confronted him, one seizing the daring fruit-seller by the shoulder, while another made sure of his basket of fruit. Massaniello was resolute and powerful, and a single well-aimed blow levelled his main assailant with the earth. He dashed aside others who had interfered, and sprang beyond their reach.

'Citizens of Naples!' cried he to the dense crowd, which had drawn nearer and nearer, during the preceding occurrence: 'Citizens of Naples! I claim your protection! Rescue your dearly prized rights from the grasp of a despot!'

His boldness and love of freedom had rendered him beloved, and a thousand hands were raised in his aid. The military advanced to the aid of the collectors, and a violent affray ensued, ere one half of

the combattants knew the cause. The troops were driven from the ground, and a loud shout proclaimed the victory of the people. Wild tumult might have succeeded to this auspicious commencement of their struggle for liberty, had not Massaniello mounted a stand, and demanded a hearing. He had not calculated amiss upon his popularity and power, and the raging was hushed, as his commanding form became visible to the dense assemblage. His eloquence had been before tested, and he failed not now in his endeavors to sway the feelings of his vast audience. He alluded to their recent triumph, and painted in the most vivid colors a lively imagination could command, the unparalleled oppression at which their government had aimed and arrived. He spoke of Naples in her palmy days of prosperity, and contrasted them strongly with her present degradation. He aroused their latent pride, and made their countenances wear the expression of deep and heart-felt indignation. He exhorted them to persevere in their attempts to achieve their liberties, and to leave no stone unturned which might obstruct the path to such a consummation. He unrolled the banner of Naples, in her prouder times, and conjured them by the memory of their sires, not to leave unimproved so glorious an opportunity for the establishment of their rightful freedom.

Loud shouts gave applause to the sentiments of patriotism which he uttered, and as he closed, waving aloft the sacred banner which he held, one long continued peal bespoke the deep determination of thousands of manly hearts. His faithful friends had not been idle while he addressed the throng. Arms were freely distributed to such as had them not, and every one conspicuously displayed the animating badge of Neapolitan freemen. Loud call was made for a leader to head them in the coming contest, and the name of Massaniello proceeded from every open mouth. Hesitation were a crime, and he promptly assumed the command which had been the spontaneous gift of the people. The crowd had now become vast, beyond expectation, extending on either hand through the broad street as far as the eye could reach; and from the utmost bounds came the universal murmur of approbation.

Meantime, the Viceroy of Naples had not been inactive in so momentous a crisis. The situation of the insurgents protected them from the guns of the castle, and they had proceeded thus far without interruption from the acting authorities of the city. The soldiery were now concentrated and prepared for effective operations against the disturbers of the peace. But what force could withstand the impetuous onset of those thousands, moving with a remarkable degree of unanimity and discipline, and led with the most consummate ability? Battle after battle, until the streets ran deep with blood, resulted in favor of the insurgents: castles and strong holds, in quick succession, yielded before the assaults of the victorious multitudes. The revolutionists at every hour increased, and their cause brightened at every onward step. The oppressors had spurned reconciliation and compromise, until it was too late to check the progress of the insurrection. In a space of time incredibly short, every vestige of regal authority had been banished from the city.

That night and another, Naples was abandoned to the fury of the

uncontrollable mob. The nobles, who in those times of feudal grandeur had usurped almost every particle of authority, became the objects of its dire vengeance. Palaces smoked in ruins, their contents untouched by the hand of plunder; and many a proud head, that but a few hours before had tossed in contempt of the ignoble vulgar, was now laid low in death. Slowly, yet surely, came the heavy tramp of the mob, and nothing could resist its infuriated charge. Every thing obnoxious fled or fell beneath its power, and a second day's sun burst upon the city, a scene of devastation and ruin. Massaniello and his compeers had striven to restore some degree of order, and reduce the effective efforts at vengeance upon the fallen oppressors to something like systematic arrangement. As the thirst for blood had in some degree become quenched, and objects upon which to wreak its fury were grown scarce, the mob complied, and something like a provisional government was established. The leader of the victorious mob received the supreme command, with the title of governor, and with a faithful council maintained his command over the city. The work of extermination was not yet finished, and he proceeded with a most terrible celerity, equalled alone by the certainty, to abolish whatever vestiges of despotism remained in the environs.

CHAPTER V.

RETRIBUTION.

MASSANIELLO sat in the chair of state in Naples, to pass sentence upon the prisoners that were brought before him. His council was about him, and the advice of his members was his implicit rule of action. Prisoner after prisoner received his sentence, and blood flowed freely in front of the council house, from execution of the stern mandates of the rulers of Naples. The long list was nearly disposed of, and the last prisoner placed at the bar to learn his fate. The open brow of the governor was clouded, as he observed the man, and his countenance assumed an unwonted severity of expression. His voice betokened emotion, as he addressed the prisoner.

'Baron Di Doria,' said he, 'the government has no need of farther proof of the guilt which they deem deserving of summary punishment. The axe awaits another victim. Are you prepared to meet it?'

'I am,' replied the baron, calmly.

'And have you nought to say, why such should not be your fate?'

'I know not,' returned Di Doria, 'why this question has been extended to me, in preference to others who have gone before me from this bloody tribunal, unless it be to taunt one whom you feel to be the chiefest victim of this unnatural rebellion.'

'Have you aught else to speak?' inquired the governor.

'Ay, proud plebeian, I have a word to say, ere I pass to the scaffold. With my dying breath I warn you to forsake your bloody path, ere tenfold retribution fall on your guilty head.'

'The Council of Naples,' said Massaniello, 'has little occasion or desire to listen to the frantic forebodings of one of its prisoners.'

'Perhaps then,' added the noble, with an air of bitterness, 'it may better suit them to learn that an imperial fleet will this day be in the Bay of Naples, ready to open its artillery upon this devoted city.'

'Perhaps,' returned the governor, 'it may afford some consolation in your dying moments, to know that the imperial fleet has already cast anchor in the Bay of Naples.'

'Plebeian,' said Di Doria, disappointed at the result of his announcement, 'though you may now have power over one who never injured you —'

'Never injured me!' cried Massaniello, starting to his feet — 'never injured me! Your oppressions of plebeians may have been so numerous as to make you forget them all: but think you *I* have forgotten that you invaded my domestic rights? Think you I ever *can* forget the blow you gave me? Cruel noble! — my cheek burns now with a stain which nothing but your very life's blood can wash out. You once heard my oath of vengeance, but did not heed it from the despised fisherman. I pledged my life upon it, ere I undertook the task of revolutionizing Naples, and it has not been the least among my aims. I have it now, Di Doria — I have it now, here, within my reach, and, craving as it is, it shall be satiated to the fill. You die, monster! — and may your last thought be, that your death-warrant came from the hand of the spurned fisherman!'

Massaniello waved his hand, and sank down, overpowered by the violence of his own conflicting emotions. Di Doria passed to his death, while his unrelenting judge lay insensible to the scenes that were passing around him.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ABDICATION.

A WEEK passed, and the revolutionary government of Naples still maintained its authority, despite the increasing dangers which surrounded it. The imperial fleet which the emperor had despatched to quell the insurrection, found its force unequal to the task. Treaty had been resorted to, but with no better success in restoring the royal authority. Intestine foes there were none; and the energetic measures of the governor, promptly seconded by the enthusiasm of the citizens, were ample security against any external force which might soon be expected. But at length, satiety begat its usual palling effect, and with the prospect of a long and bloody struggle for the establishment of their freedom before them, the people began to think of capitulation and compromise. The deposed viceroy was no ways unwilling to embrace the opportunity for return to his authority, and readily granted the demands of the provisional government. A general pardon was stipulated; the duties on fruit, with other odious and oppressive taxes, were abolished, and the ancient liberties of the citizens fully restored.

The huge bell which was wont to summon the citizens of Naples to assemble in the public square, sent its hoarse notes through

the city. The people promptly responded to the call, and a vast congregation was assembled to listen to a communication from the newly-elected governor of the city. Attentive silence reigned through the wide field, closely filled with citizens, as Massaniello ascended the platform and addressed them. Article by article he rehearsed the guarantee of their rights, and besought them to renew their vows of allegiance to a government which bound itself so strongly to protect them in peaceful possession of their ancient liberties.

‘Citizens of Naples!’ he concluded, ‘nine days since you honored me with the supreme command, in the energetic attempts then to be made for effecting an entire revolution in the form of government. That revolution has been accomplished, and the grievances, of which you then uttered so loud complaint, have been removed. Your multiplied wrongs have been manfully avenged, and your proud oppressors sleep a sleep from which they may never awake. Your taxes are no longer burdensome, and the ancient freedom for which you have so nobly fought, is amply secured to you. Citizens of Naples! the end for which I was elected has been attained, and I now resign the trust as cheerfully as I received it. I shall set you an example of obedience to the laws, and beseech you return to your allegiance, as you value the peace and well being of the city.’

Shouts of applause, and of ratification of the treaty, followed his descent. Slowly and quietly the vast concourse was dissolved, and each returned to his proper calling, confiding in the promises of their common idol, that the freedom of their native city was permanently secured. Resigning a power supreme, and which he might easily have rendered lasting, Massaniello, contented with having restored her rights to his country, peaceably returned to his humble occupation, and the stern and active governor and judge resumed his humble habiliments, with his quiet employment as fisherman and dealer in fruits.

CHAPTER VII.

CONCLUSION.

A PLEA of urgent business, intimately connected with the welfare of the city, accompanied a pressing invitation from the reinstated viceroy to Massaniello, to wait upon him at his palace. Ever ready to devote himself to the interests of the land of his nativity, and unsuspecting of danger, he obeyed the call. Cordial was his reception, and pressing the offers of refreshment. Wine was proffered, and Massaniello’s fondness led him to drink deep of the refreshing beverage. In an instant his brain seemed on fire — his eyes as if they would start from their sockets — his tongue dried to the roof of his mouth — a raging fire appeared preying upon his very vitals. A delirium overpowered his senses, and his brain whirled in dizziness. The fury of a demon glared in his eyes, and the maddening froth flowed through his clenched teeth. The guilty viceroy called aloud for his guards to secure the maniac; but too late: the reckless sword of the infuriated fisherman found its way to his vitals, and he fell, the first victim of his own infernal machinations.

Massaniello rushed blindly into the street, his sword drawn, and raging in perfect madness. Manfrone, his bosom friend, fell by that sword, and Giovanni fled from him as from a fiend. Others of his friends, unconscious of danger, as they chanced in his way, were slain with the same ruthless weapon, until the cry went before him, and the streets were deserted as he hurried on his blind course. The cry of danger was loudly raised, and he who had but now led the mob through a successful revolution, fled before the exasperated crowds that followed against him; he who had been the idol of an ardent people, was shouted at as a new oppressor, and in danger of falling before their wrath. The doors of a Carmelite convent stood open by his path, and the maniac sought shelter within its sanctuary; but even this was denied him. He fell dead before the self-defending efforts of his own friends; and the body of him who but a short day before had been called by the unanimous voice of a whole people to preside over their councils, in the most critical period of their political existence, was now, by that same people, torn in pieces, and cast upon a dung-hill!

The citizens of Naples returned to their former bondage. The new viceroy was bound by no vows of his predecessor, and scourged with renewed severity the insurgent citizens. Commotions there were, but no capable leader could be found to encourage and direct the popular energies. The name of Massaniello — oh! the mutability of popular feeling! — was invoked as that of a saint; but his presence alone could have restored to Naples her lost freedom.

W. A. B.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

*Oh breathe no more that simple air —
Though soft and sweet thy wild notes swell,
To me the only tale they tell
Is cold despair!
I heard it once from lips as fair,
I heard it in as sweet a tone —
Now I am left on earth alone,
And she is — where?*

*How have those well known sounds renewed
The dreams of earlier, happier hours,
When life — a desert now — was strewed
With fairy flowers!
Then all was bright, and fond, and fair —
Now flowers are faded, joys are fled,
And heart and hope are with the dead,
For she is — where?*

*Can I then love the air she loved?
Can I then hear the melting strain,
Which brings her to my soul again
Calm and unmoved?
And thou to blame my tears, forbear,
For while I list, sweet maid! to thee,
Remembrance whispers, 'Such was she!'
And she is — where?*

T. D.

NAPOLÉON MUSING AT ST. HELENA.

There is in the possession of a friend of the writer's, a beautiful and sublime engraving, entitled, 'Napoleon musing at the Isle of St. Helena.' It represents the exiled monarch standing upon a rock, on the margin of the ocean, with folded arms, looking off upon the waters. The time, apparently, is twilight. The ocean is black and boisterous. A few sails may be faintly traced on the horizon, and over the emperor's head fly some wild fowl, roused by the coming storm. The whole scene is singularly wild and impressive. It gave rise to the following lines.

DARK rolling sea! thy fickle wave
Is waking 'neath the tempest's wrath,
As o'er thy blackened bosom rave
The wild winds, in their viewless path.

Fast from the heavens fades the light,
The fire-fraught clouds are curt'ning thee,
And onward, upward in their might,
Thy surges rise, dark rolling sea!

Dread emblem of the power divine!
Dark picture of that darker fate,
Which made this sea-girt prison mine,
And left my country desolate!

I am thy prisoner. I have heard
And learned thy billows' language well;
All day they've murmured of that word,
And louder now their voices swell.

I am thy prisoner, Ocean! thine;
Strict is the guard thou keep'st on me,
Yet would I have no gaoler mine,
Less stern than thou, dark rolling sea!

Higher thy blackened billows rise,
Lit by the lightning's frequent flash;
And o'er thee now the lurid skies
Are trembling with the thunder's crash.

Sweep on, sweep on, ye raving winds!
While thunderbolts divide th' abyss;
From its own storms my bosom finds
Calm refuge in a scene like this.

Yet, Ocean! would I have thee bear
To that proud land whose rulers claim
That thy wide waves her vassals are,
And ministers unto her fame,

Thanks from a man whose name was fraught
With terror, when his hands were free,
Thanks for this last bright lesson taught,
Of England's boasted chivalry!

And when the storm has left thy brow,
And sunbeams o'er thy bosom dance,
When in thy mirrored caverns thou
Reflect'st the sunny shores of France;

Tell her Napoleon's soul is free,
Nor needs the tribute of her tears;
Tell her the Emp'r's soon will be
Beyond her hopes and England's fears.

P. M. M.

LEAVES FROM THE SOUTH-WEST AND CUBA:

OR A FEW FAMILIAR PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A VALETUDINARIAN.

NUMBER TWO.

HAVANA, MARCH 15, '36. — The martial array presented here by the numerous troops and sentinels constantly on duty, strikes a humble denizen of these unmilitary United States very forcibly. 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther,' is a constant lesson with him. The Spaniards are very jealous of the curious eyes of their British or American friends, in examining their fortifications and military strength. Every public place is guarded, and the peremptory challenge of the sentinel, or the no less peremptory 'Hist!' so common here, brings the unobservant straggler to a sense of his whereabouts.

Yesterday I took a stroll with P — along the walls. We were about to pass the outside of one of the bastions, where the *corps du guard* are stationed, when the 'hist!' from the sentinel, accompanied by an expressive movement of his musket, warned us to seek some other amusement. We endeavored to gain admittance to the *Cabana* — an immense fortification, which crowns the eminence on the opposite side of the harbor — but to obtain permission, is attended with so much difficulty, for the reason above stated, that we contented ourselves with looking at the exterior. Its position is picturesque, commanding a fine view of the city, and the entrance to the harbor. It is sufficiently powerful to sink any fleet that may attempt to enter, and is said to have cost one hundred millions. It is added, farther, that when the statement of the expense was laid before the King of Spain, he took his spy-glass and looked for some time in the direction of the West Indies, remarking to his attendants that he supposed, from its enormous cost, that it must be so large as to be visible from any part of the globe!

Previous to my leaving home, the kindness of some of my friends had supplied me with one or two convenient articles of self-defence, so common (and, I am sorry to say, so generally necessary to one's safety) in some of our Southern states. Supposing that more than any where else I should require them here, I was preparing to carry them about my person, when to my surprise I was informed that they were not only unnecessary, but that it was a criminal offence, subject to severe punishment, to carry concealed weapons, of any description. I was told of a young nobleman, the other day, who was complained of for carrying a sword-cane, in wilful violation of the laws, and on conviction, was sentenced to receive forty lashes for the offence.

One of the peculiar characteristics of the administration of the present governor, is the impartiality with which the laws are enforced. High and low, noble and ignoble, alike pay the penalty of disobedience. I have heard many anecdotes illustrative of this feature in the character of the executive, and of his readiness at all times to listen to, and redress, the grievances of the humblest of his people. I think this circumstance furnishes a clue to the success with which he governs, and the popularity which he has acquired at

home and abroad. He is building a very extensive market, and a prison, outside the walls, the labor of which is performed by the convicts. These structures are built of coral reef, an excellent building material. They are but one story, yet are very neat in appearance, and suitable to this climate.

The ceremony of consecrating and distributing the palm leaves, in the church of San Domingo, on Palm Sunday, was one from which I would not willingly have been absent. But even more gorgeous and imposing, were the rites of Good Friday, and the military mass, performed in the Cathedral. Descriptions of these scenes have so often been given, that I shall not essay the task. Wearied with the religious and military processions and spectacles of the Catholic Church, I walked with my friend to the Catholic Burying Ground, about a mile from the city. It is securely enclosed, simple and neat in its arrangements, and kept under a constant guard. The entrance is ornamented with delicious shrubbery and flowers. Passing through the massive arched gateway, a small neat chapel, of tasteful architecture, meets the eye, standing on the opposite end of the enclosure in which the last funeral rites are performed, before consigning 'ashes to ashes and dust to dust.'

Returning, we stopped at the Lunatic Asylum. It was the hour of vespers, and as we entered, a scene met our view, of the most interesting description. The inmates were all ranged on seats around the inner court, under the galleries. The priest—himself a lunatic—was repeating the *Ave Marié*, and his hearers were uttering the responses with as much order and apparent devotion, as if they were in the full enjoyment of their reason. The whole scene was truly affecting. It is a question worthy of consideration, whether it was the force of habit or discipline, or a lucid interval, in minds in which there remained faint gleams of religious or devotional feeling, which prompted the regular performance of their religious duties.

Passing the *House of the Lepers*—near which several victims to this loathsome disease were walking in the sun—we visited the *Casa de Beneficiencia*, an extensive and excellent institution, corresponding to the Orphan Asylum and House of Refuge in New-York. Its funds are ample, and orphan children are educated, taught some useful trade, and receive a small sum of money, on leaving the establishment, with which to commence business.

There is a fine steam ferry-boat constantly running from hence to Regla, a small town across the harbor, owned by a gentleman in New-York, and which must yield him a liberal income. Bull-fights are frequently held there, and immense numbers cross to witness them. These, and the cock-fights, which are daily sports here, are continued by the royal permission, and are about the only things over which the governor has no control—otherwise, it is supposed, he would suppress these relics of a barbarous age. The raising of sporting cocks is quite an important business in Cuba. Great prices are sometimes paid for them, and large sums staked on them in the fight. Having a curiosity to witness a bull-fight, I crossed the ferry, in company with a party from our hotel, and on reaching the *Plaza de Toros*, (Place of the Bulls,) our ears were saluted by a deafening clamor. The place was already so full, that we could with

difficulty find room to stand. The amphitheatre, or circus-like enclosure, was crowded with a vast multitude of all ages and conditions, and of both sexes. The scene was very exciting, and all seemed to enjoy it, and none more so than the ladies, who joined in the loud cries of approbation, and waved their kerchiefs whenever the Picadores or Matadores dexterously avoided an attack of the furious animal, or made a successful thrust of their ponderous spears, or fastened their cruel barbs in his lacerated sides. It is a cruel sort of amusement, and I did not stay to witness the catastrophe. I was afterward informed, however, that the bull was finally run through and killed by a one-armed man, who, I had remarked, was exceedingly skilful in his savage trade. They have other amusements at Havana, which are much more to my taste. Masquerades, for example, are frequent during the winter season; and they know well how to make them delightful. I find much enjoyment, too, in walking or lounging in the *Plaza*, with a friend, particularly a female friend, among the perfumes of a thousand flowers, and under the mellow light of the glorious moon, (which, in this pure and delicious climate, appears double the size that we see it at the North,) listening to the music of one of the military bands, which perform nightly in front of the palace.

But the superb opera is my delight! The house itself is large, and superior in its arrangements to any theatre in the United States. Caldwell's, at New-Orleans, is more showy, but not so well calculated for its object. Seats are secured to three thousand five hundred persons, and five hundred more could hear and see quite comfortably in the passages. The most perfect order is preserved, for the troops are here, as well as elsewhere, to enforce it. The scenery, dresses, decorations, etc., are magnificent. The orchestra, with Rappetti, does not need my praise. Of Madam Pantanelli, Rossi, and Papanti, I would speak, did I not lack words to express my admiration of their performances. For days and weeks, the sweet airs and delicious notes of the former haunted me, with a strange sense of enjoyment. I could say, with good old Chaucer, while listening to her voice, and in the memory of its melody,

‘I stode astonied, and was with the song
Thorow ravishid; that, till late and long
I ne wist in what place I was, ne where —
And ayen methought she sang even by mine ear.’

Indeed, I might add, in regard to the entire performances, in the words of the same author, that

—— ‘the armony
And swete accord were in so good musike,
That the voices to angels most were like.’

The Sabbath is unknown here, save as a holiday. They perhaps go to mass and a cock-fight in the morning, and to a bull-fight and the opera in the evening. I am struck with the odd fancy they have here for names. Their boats, etc., frequently bear the names of saints and martyrs, and one of their theatres is called the ‘*Jesu y Marié*,’ (Jesus and Mary.) There are many American merchants here, doing a very profitable business — taking the lead, I believe;

and I was struck with the remark of a French lady from New-Orleans, on this subject, the other evening. She complained that that city was no longer the pleasant, quiet town it formerly was, with its French society and customs—for the Americans had come in, and were carrying all before them; and it was now a vast scene of business, noise, and bustle—and, added she, ‘it will soon be just so here.’ An unintended but a high compliment.

Cuba has become quite a resort for invalids, of late; and I think they may come here, during the winter season, with much advantage—judging from my own experience—and with perfect security, under the present government.

MATANZAS, APRIL 5.—The necessity of procuring passports is one of the vexations of travelling, of which one is by no means relieved here. There is no moving without one; and it is no small trouble to procure them. Having obtained one, however, for this place and its vicinity, I placed myself on board the beautiful steamer *General Tacon*, last week, and in six hours thereafter presented my letters to the American consul at this city. Matanzas is the second town in size and importance in the island. It is fifty miles from Havana, contains about twenty thousand inhabitants, and ships a large proportion of the sugar and coffee of the island. There are many fine coffee estates and sugar plantations in this quarter, some of which belong to Americans. I have visited several, and acquired much valuable information as to the manner of raising and manufacturing both articles. Some of the coffee estates are extremely beautiful, being laid out like a garden, and ornamented with borders of lime hedge, palm, and orange trees, in perpetual foliage; and when in blossom, they afford the most delicious of all imaginable perfumes. The sugar plantations, though not so attractive in appearance, are more desirable on account of the golden harvests which they afford; particularly when sugars are so high as at this moment. The planters are said to be making their fortunes the present year.

In consequence of there being numbers of runaway negroes, and some other equally desperate characters, at large in the island, people travelling into the country are allowed to ride with holsters and pistols; and the muleteers carry a long heavy sword, when conveying the produce of the country to market. I had an opportunity of testing the necessity of this custom, the other evening. I started for the *Embarcadaro*, at the head of the Conema River, expecting to take the steam-boat for Matanzas; but on reaching it, I found she had broken down. Meeting an acquaintance, who was going by land, I concluded to accompany him. With considerable difficulty, and by paying an exorbitant price, (they will ‘take in’ a stranger, even here, upon occasion,) I obtained a donkey, with holsters and pistols, and we set out, some time after dark, for a fifteen mile ride. We had made about half the distance, and were passing an obscure part of the road, when we encountered two highwaymen, posted directly in our path. They attempted to stop us, and demanded our purses, in Spanish. We presented our pistols, upon which they made way, and we put spurs to our horses, and were soon out of their reach; though we

could hear them uttering curses and imprecations at their want of success. I afterward learned that a robbery and murder were committed in that same spot, only a short time before.

HAVANA, APRIL 9. — Once more am I domiciliated at WEST's, much the best house in the place, where one meets with very agreeable company. It is customary to rise early, and get through the business or pleasure of the morning, before the heat of the day renders both irksome. The merchants may be seen on the 'Quay,' a sort of 'Change,' as early as five o'clock, discussing the news, arrivals, prices of sugars, etc. We go in parties from our house, at this hour, first to the stall of a little old man, who speaks broken English, and who gives us as many oranges, fresh from the trees, as we can eat, for a '*piccaune*.' Then, perhaps, we adjourn to the markets, to listen to the gabble of the negroes, or admire the beautiful fish, of the most gorgeous and variegated colors, or take a stroll by the shore of the ever-sounding sea, to witness the eternal surges dashing in fury against the breakers — always a welcome and sublime sight. As I walked to-day along the beach, with the solemn anthem of the Great Deep swelling in my ear, and beheld the distant ships flitting into dimness, on the edge of the horizon, a beautiful simile of Young was brought forcibly to my recollection. Speaking of transitory human life, and the suddenness with which men are often called to cross that untried sea, from which no voyager ever returned, he asks whether we should not walk —

' Silent and thoughtful by the solemn shore
Of that vast ocean we must sail so soon.'

Additional force was given to these expressive lines, by their association in my mind, at the moment, with that eloquent comparison of human life to a river, by HEBER : ' The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor ; we may be hastened, but we cannot be delayed. Whether rough or smooth, the river sweeps toward its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of its waves is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and the earth loses sight of us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our farther voyage there is no witness, save the Infinite and the Eternal.'

But to return. We breakfast at nine o'clock, on fine white rolls, bananas, and plantains, with claret and coffee ; at twelve we take a bath and a siesta ; dinner is served up at three, with all the luxuries and delicacies of the tropics ; then a ride on the '*Paseo*,' or to the governor's country-house and garden, and the opera, or a promenade in the square, an ice at the '*Lonja*' in the evening, perhaps a bird and a relish à la Delmonico, at the *Bella Europa*, finishes the day.

A Dios Seignoritas : To-morrow I sail for New-Orleans ; and right glad shall I be again to set foot upon that favored land which I am proud to call my own : and happier still, my dear —, when I am permitted once more to discourse with you, face to face, and to relate to you the incidents of the voyage, and all that is interesting or strange, which may befall me while borne upon the bosom of the Father of Waters, or La Belle Rivère, as I wend my way homeward through our magnificent country. Till then, farewell ! E.

THE PLACE OF BONES.

'YE mouldering relics of departed years,
Your names have perished.

FLINT.

DELIGHTFUL Avon overlooks the place
Where, mingled rudely with the upturned soil,
The bones of some forgotten nation lie,
In mournful disregard. The solemn groves
Inweave no more their tossing boughs above
These violated sepulchres: the hand
Of busy Industry long since cut down
The dark old sylvan giants, and let in
The garish sunshine. When the Genessee
Is swollen roughly by the vernal rain,
Or equinoctial storm, his surging tide
Invades the level mead, and even lifts
Above this populated home of death
The voice of wild rebellion — sound, alas!
That ill befits the dwellings of the dead!
The crowded public thoroughfare, that leads
To the young city of our inland seas,
Through the bright Eden of the 'Empire State,'
Bounds on the South this melancholy spot.
Trees of a second growth in beauty stand,
And greet the northwardly-directed gaze
With smooth and glossy trunks, and roots that draw
Refreshment from the dust of woodland sires:
And eastwardly, the sloping upland makes
Exposure of its side to westering suns,
While peer above its ridgy top the spires
And painted habitations of vain man —
Ay, *selfish* too — for piously around
The dreamless couches of his own pale race,
To shut out brute intrusion, he has built
A strong protecting wall, and planted round
The funeral hillock flowers that breathe of love,
And willows frail, that rub their yellow boughs
Against the pompous, monumental stone,
While spinningly his desecrating foot
Falls on the bleaching remnants of the past —
Of haughty Indian king, or swarthy maid,
At whose rude sepulchres, long years before,
The simple children of departed groves
Were mourning visitants.

The tribe that laid
Beneath the turf their chieftain, unlike us,
Who sorrow only for a season, came,
And tearful homage to ancestral dust
Paid, when the warring elements and time
Had worn away all sign of burial.
That deathless bard, whose name is linked to Hope,
And whose rich instrument has many strings,
Was faulty in his music when he sang
Of the red Sagamore 'without a tear.'
The wilderness, with all its wealth of shade,
Sepulchral dells, and winged choristers —
The mossy floor of solitary glades,
Whereon his moccasin faint impress made —
The wooded mountain, where the howling wolf,
And screaming panther made their dreaded lairs —
The voice of streams, and melody of winds,
Woke in his heart poetic sympathy,
And spoke, in tones majestically grand,
Of one unclouded source of life and light.
The features of his character were rude,

And wrong could rouse him to demoniac rage,
 Or kindness lull him to a summer calm.
 When war or mortal malady cut off
 His wife or offspring, to the shaded earth
 He gave, with tears, the bark-enfolded corse,
 And guarded well the consecrated mound
 From the gaunt beast of prey ; then laid choice food,
 And the dry gourd, his vegetable cup,
 Brimming with water from the crystal spring,
 Upon the hiding earth, through fear the dead
 Might faint in passing to the spirit-land.
 In the blue smoke of settlements, the lord
 Of the lithe bow and slender arrow saw
 The cloud that would obscure his race and name,
 And in the fall of oaks before the axe,
 Heard the sharp knell of his own glory rung.

Then deeds of fell atrocity ensued,
 In his vain efforts to resist the tide
 Of stern improvement, whose huge surges swept
 All traces of his pomp and power away.
 His patriot zeal and disregard of self,
 Resemblance to that spirit of redress
 Which roused the souls of Tell and Hampden, bore,
 And should have won the plaudits of his foe.

In happy childhood it was oft my wont,
 Freed from the birchen terrors of the school,
 Yon place of Indian burial to seek,
 And watch the disinterring plough, and scan
 The fertilized and newly-parted clod
 For beads of beauty rare, tooth-worn by Time,
 And crumbling fragments of the dagger-haft,
 Constructed by some artisan of eld,
 From the broad antlers of the whistling moose,
 Or branching honors of the stag or elk ;
 Or raise, with reverential hand, the skull
 Of unremembered royalty, perchance
 With thought akin to wonderment and awe ;
 Then, throwing down the wreck, spy out amid
 The dark embracing furrows, arrow-heads,
 And broken implements of grotesque form,
 Used by the painted warrior in the chase,
 Or on the path that led him to his foe.
 Some who delight in hoar antiquity,
 The nation deem that sleep in yonder field
 The primal stock,* whose shoots in after years,
 Uniting in a league of brotherhood,
 The dreaded name of *Iroquois* made known,
 From the dark hemlock groves of hilly Maine,
 To the proud father of our mighty lakes.

But this is idle speculation all ;
 And red men, hanging on our frontier skirts,
 No light can throw upon their history.
 O would that autumn on yon place of graves
 Could fling once more his pall of rustling gold !
 For if the spirits of the lost and dead,
 (And some believe so,) linger round the streams
 And haunts of beauty which they loved in life,
 Perchance the spectral visitants that flit
 About those desecrated tombs, might feel
 Extatic joy in viewing olden haunts,
 Dark with the presence of tall groves, again.

W. H. C. H.

* Not improbable — for the Senecas, who once peopled the Genessee valley, were styled, in Iroquois councils, 'Our Elder Brothers.'

P A S S A G E S .

FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE CONNECTICUT SCHOOL-MASTER.

NUMBER TWO.

'*In statu quo*?' said I.

'It is,' replied he, 'the same great city. Its bustling crowds and busy commerce may be now more and now less; but there remains the same restless agitation—the same eternal hum.'

'Heavens! how it must inspirit one! I grant you,' said I, pointing my friend back to the two long lines of dwellings on each side of the street composing the village in which I had so long resided — 'I grant you, if one, in a given time, must read six books of Virgil, or go as far as Infinitissimals in Day's Algebra, he can better do it in such a place as this, where the greatest noise is on Sunday, when they drive by to church. But Edward, though it is not every man that can teach a select school, yet I do not intend always to be a pedagogue; and if one has great aims, let him drink in the quickening spirit of a large city, and feel the excitement of its scenes, and the pressure of its competition; let him move among its hundreds of thousands, and know that if he is successful, he may sway that swelling, agitated tide. It must be a great spur to a man of parts. The more I think of it, the more I am resolved, at some time or other, to live in New-York.'

'How would you go to work to do such things there?'

'That is a secret to be disclosed hereafter. By the way, how are your friends at the metropolis — your mother' — his father had gone, many years since, the long journey — 'and sister?'

'As usual,' replied he, 'and send love.'

Love! What a charm is in that word! It is the very sweetener of existence — the maple molasses of human life!

'Pshaw!' says some reader of this diary, 'what an offence to taste!'

My sweet miss, maple molasses *tastes* to me better than honey; and so would it to any other, who has been, as often as I have, where it is made, in the fresh spring woods, and having given some rosy-cheeked, fun-loving girl, who has accompanied him, to bite from a pan-cake dipped in the delectable sirup, has forthwith dipped and regaled himself from the same! Now not even your own charming self would find fault with honey, which I am free to confess, after the liquid above-mentioned, to be inferior only to the fragrant dew upon that little pouting lip.

At the time of which I am speaking, the stage, though deserted for the greater expedition, and, as it then was, novelty of the steam-boat, still kept up its regular passage for the conveyance of the mail, not disdaining also to receive the few travellers destined to this or that village, lying remote from the landing-places on the Sound. Edward had accordingly come up, a solitary passenger, till I joined him at that pleasant little place, situated — no matter where — between the two great emporiums — the one literary, the other commercial — of the cis-Atlantic world. Joined by no others, we discussed without re-

serve the plan of our future movements, which was at length settled as follows: *First*, that neither of us liked a stage; *ergo*, we would not go in a stage. *Second*, that we both liked a private conveyance; *ergo*, we would go in such conveyance; and as Edward was purser, he was to have the privilege of procuring one according to his fancy. *Third*, as an inference from this mode of proceeding, we were to go when, where, and how we pleased. *Fourth*, that we would take the 'Rambler' and 'Ambitious Student' to read and comment upon, on rainy days. *Fifth*, that Edward should freely correct all my faults of manner and language, and impart to me what he could, consistently with our plans, of his collegiate learning, which I agreed to receive thankfully. *Sixth*, whereupon he insisted that, beside doing a considerable share of the talking and laughing, to which I was not averse, as it fell in with my habits, I should also write a journal.

'But, my dear fellow, I never did such a thing in my life!'

'All the better for that. It will be fresh.'

'That's what it will. I shall have to borrow salt of my neighbors. Hang it!' continued I, 'I believe I could write the thing well enough, if I only knew how to season it.'

'It is,' said he, 'the easiest thing in the world. Just make a record, as you go along, of dates and facts, without being too particular, for that would tie you down too much; lay it by two or three years, or more, until the whole is dim in the memory; then write it out, according to the best of your recollection — adding, of course, to the original record, such incidents of interest as you think *must* have happened; and if you have a tolerable imagination, and a good judgment, you will very easily produce a journal 'fit for use.'

'Right,' said I; 'I see how it is.'

'And mind,' added he, 'you do not put in any such nonsense, as that such a place had one grist-mill, seven stores, two taverns, one church, and a very neat school-house.'

'Not a single such thing shall there be in the whole journal.'

'But put in reflections and inferences, five or six pages of which may often be founded upon a single fact. People now-a-days are wonderfully fond of seeing pyramids and cones upon their *apices*.'

'Just so,' said I.

By this time the spires of science and devotion were shooting up in the distance. I had so often heard my friend speak of New-Haven — its shady streets, and its pleasant walks — that I felt as though I was going home, while I knew he would approach with the deepest emotions a place which had been to him, as it is still to others, one of many hopes and fears. As his eye fastened upon the towers of Old Yale, his features assumed an aspect of unwonted thoughtfulness. 'Henry,' said he, when we had ridden some distance in silence, 'there, as I have often told you, I spent four of the happiest and most important years of my life; and around its halls and its precincts still cluster long-lingering and sacred associations.' He was not in a mood for trifling, and I revere such feelings too much to wound the heart by which they are cherished; else I should hardly have forborne asking how far the precincts of Yale extended; whether they

embraced Temple or Crown-street, or possibly reached as far as the Avenue, or the Nunnery.

We rolled along, each wrapped in his own musings, until a sudden halt, and the cry of, 'Is this your baggage, Sir?' roused us from our reveries. A few moments more saw us safely housed in the Tontine. Immediately upon supping, Edward sallied out for a carriage, and I for a note-book; in which I forthwith made the following entry, here copied, save the names, *verbatim et literatim*.

SKETCHES

OF A TOUR THROUGH CONNECTICUT, MASSACHUSETTS, VERMONT, AND NEW-HAMPSHIRE, IN
THE AUTUMN OF 18—.

EDWARD E —, proposing a tour of pleasure and profit through a part of New-England, and offering certain kind and powerful inducements, I gladly accompanied him. As well for our own personal advantage as gratification, we resolved to make record of such incidents of our course as we might deem it pleasant ourselves to remember, though they should have no interest to others. My own plan is, to make only a slight entry of dates, names, places, and occurrences, which may hereafter be expanded in a more leisure hour.

I may as well here as any were give some little account of my companion. He was born in Boston, and spent there the early part of his life. He graduated at Yale, and having friends at the metropolis, he was now passing with them his second year, pursuing, for the most part, that general yet rigid course of reading and study, which contributes equally to the polish and the soundness of the scholar. I wish it to be distinctly understood, it was by no means a desultory course of study, which consists in looking into the preface of this work, and the closing chapter of that—such as is suited to the capacities of one of your gentleman scholars, who fancies he has too much genius to be tied down to one subject, and which is more intolerable to a man of sense than November to an Englishman—no; it was strictly systematic, employed mostly upon the solid parts of learning, and conquering as it went. From his peculiar cast of mind, his studies assumed more of a theological air than is perhaps usual with one whose age and means allow him to spend the two or three years succeeding his collegiate life as he lists. For a young man of fifty thousand, he is the most modest of any I ever knew, and is as much of a gentleman as one of the sweetest dispositions and the first society of Boston could make him. And yet he has not spirit enough—not for me—and will not accomplish in the world half that he would, had he twice his self-confidence. He relishes wit in others, but is never guilty of it himself; though he would perhaps say occasionally a smart thing, were he not afraid of being ungentlemanly.

When we came together, and how, is of little consequence here; and how we came to like each other, of still less: and yet to myself it was always strange; perhaps from our very dissimilarity, for we were as unlike as two of the same *genus* could well be. For aught I know, I was born as well as any body; but my bringing up was

rather 'so so.' The first ten years of my life were spent among a people as rough and crabbed as their own soil and winters, which were somewhat of the Siberian order. My father, for reasons best known to those who ought to know, at length took up his march toward the western world, and making two or three removals, plunged at each time deeper into the new settlements. The inhabitants here, as they must be in every new country, were a mixture of all things; a few of them staunch, worthy men, while the most were broken-down farmers, mechanics, and tradesmen, as deficient, generally, in morals as in property—the scape-goats of the civilized world, literally bearing into the wilderness the sins of the people. The size of my father's family compelling me to leave, I consorted with all sorts of people. I have lived with a minister long enough to read Don Quixotte and Shakspeare, together with somewhat of Poole and Jeremy Taylor; with a farmer, to know a share from a mould-board; and with a merchant, to learn the difference between cambric and muslin. I at length obtained enough of the beginnings of knowledge to teach school, and went on from small to great, and from great to greater, until I am actually at this very moment the preceptor of an academy in Connecticut, and some think my last temperance speech was full as good as our minister's. Being naturally of a warm temperament, I have entered into every thing with ardor, and have taken a hue from every man I have met, until I have got together as motley a character as was ever united in the same person. I laugh and talk loud, and both in and out of place; joke both friends and foes, sometimes with, oftener without wit; and actually can almost, and think I can quite, do every thing I undertake. With men I can get along well enough: it is with the female part of the species, I have had the least success. Though I have had three on the stocks, I cannot launch one; and while I try to console myself with the reflection that they are but weaker vessels, I am forced to confess it is but dreary business to sail without a consort upon this sea of life.

It seemed as improper, and to a refined taste as impossible, to write a journal of travels without describing the travellers, as to make a harrow without a frame, or a bonnet without millinet. Such, then, are the two personages who are just upon the eve of a tour through New-England.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2. — New-Haven is a glorious place, and he that doubts, may go and see for himself. It is the prettiest *rus in urbe* in the world. I do not wonder the wealthy New-Yorkers are running there to spend their fortunes, which they can do more genteelly, and with somewhat less haste, than in the midst of the bustle and parade of a large city. How sweet, when the fatigues of business are no longer necessary, to retire from the noisy realms of traffic, and devote the remainder of one's years, be they more or less, to the choice authors of ancient and modern times, and to the enlivening charms of living and refined friendship! No man should retire upon his fortune, without a good library, selected, it may be, with the aid of some literary friend. It need not be large: but if he would avoid the

dejection which every one must feel, who passes from an active life to one of inactivity, *he must have a library.*

I am not generally afraid of being seen; but having heard that students can tell country persons from their very looks, and not caring to come into contact with such prodigious scholars as I knew so great a college must be full of, I told Edward we would not walk up there until they should all be pretty well engaged in study, of which he said we could judge by the ringing of the bell. My notes, being taken in pencil, are a little dim here, so that though I was careful to put it down, I cannot determine whether the bell rang at eight or half past eight. Be that as it may, we entered the college yard a little after nine. I could not observe that my friend exhibited any change of countenance, though for myself I could not repress a certain feeling of awe, when I found I was actually treading on such ground. Those venerable buildings! I was always fond of antiquity. There is, however, a difference between what is antiquated and what is old; a difference which I confess I should not dislike, in this case, to see hid under a proper coat of paint.

'What geniuses,' thought I, as we walked toward the chapel, 'there must be in these buildings! And there comes one of them,' continued I, 'I know, by his looks,' as one of them stepped out of what they call North College.

'Them *what*?' asked Edward.

'Geniuses,' said I; 'and I'll venture you, one of the first water. See what fire is in his eye!'

'Somewhat red,' replied my friend.

Though I had now and then come across a student in the country, yet as I had never before seen one *in place*, I thought it perfectly proper I should take note of him in my journal. To begin at the foundation. He had on a pair of delicate boots, single sole, most exquisitely turned at the toe — which he often looked at, as well as at his finely-shaped leg — with a heel about as large as a cent, and the highest I ever saw, except a pair worn by that splendidly-dressed negro that drove 'Squire B — up from New-York, to learn about my school. The pantaloons were of that choice color, neither white nor yet drab, which discovers the possessor to be a man of taste, with a perpendicular opening in front, which I should think must be much more convenient than the old-fashioned fall-pieces, and certainly more showy. The vest was of silk — the main color rather sombre, with white stripes crossing each other at right angles, and so far apart that there were only four squares on its entire front. The coat was black, and, as Edward told me, was a prominent artizan's best fit. Next came a newly-reaped chin, a mouth and nose of the Grecian order, around which there played a slight touch of scorn, a delightful pair of whiskers, black bushy hair, eyes in accordance; the whole surmounted by a hat which Edward said was *à la mode*, a description for which I am none the wiser — for on looking into the dictionary, I find it means *in the fashion*, which I presume has been the case with many a hat which did not look like that. He carried a black cane, as large at one end as at the other, and was followed by two dogs; one was a hound, and the other had a couple of little grey eyes peeping from a bunch of curling, shaggy hair.

'He must be a vast scholar,' said I, in an under tone, when we had just passed him.

'Why?' asked Ned, with a look which I knew he meant should be somewhat sarcastic.

'Because,' replied I, a little touched, 'it's not more than an hour since the bell rang, and yet he's out already. Don't that show that he gets his lessons sooner than the rest of them? Beside,' says I, 'the Faculty would not let him dress so well, if he was a *poor* scholar.'

'The Faculty,' replied he, 'have nothing to do with that.'

'Do n't they? That's strange! But it's plain he could not get time to make himself so neat, if he did n't get his lessons easy. Beside,' continued I, 'did you ever see a student carry a cane, and keep dogs, that was not a good scholar? One of the smartest of them all was last winter three months with the minister, where my school is. I heard that he was *'rusticating,'* and becoming a little acquainted with him, I asked what that meant. He said that sometimes an uncommon scholar would do all his study for the term in the first three or four weeks, and that the Faculty would then permit him to go for the rest of the term into the country; and that this was called rustication. Now this same student carried just such a black cane, and had three dogs.'

Whether he was convinced, or did not hear the last part of my argument, I have never been quite certain. He made no reply, and looking at his watch, with a sober air, said we would take a turn or two in the city, and by that time our carriage would be ready. I know my friend's moods so well, that I can tell at a glance when he would be silent; so we walked on without saying a word. Though Ned does not disclose, even to his intimate friends, his most private matters, yet he had so often mentioned one or two streets, and with so strange an interest, that I had conjectured his last minutes in New-Haven would be spent in one of them. We had got by the Dominie's, and turned down Elm-street, he picking the fingers of his glove, and looking on the pavement, and I conjecturing which street after all—as I had heard him, first and last, mention three or four—lay uppermost in his mind, when he all at once broke silence, by saying that was a very pretty street, and we would turn up there, if I liked.

'Wherever you please,' said I; and as we passed down on the east side, I saw on a corner of the first house, 'Temple-street.'

'A shady, pleasant street,' said I.

'Quite so,' replied he.

'And must be full of *charms* to those who can frequent it.'

'A charming spot.'

'And though the dwellings are not magnificent, yet they have that sort of air which one will see about the abodes of good families.'

'There are some first rate families along here,' was the response.

'I should dare say,' added I, 'some of these houses are well furnished.'

'Well enough, I suppose,' said he.

'You have yourself seen in some of them, I presume, *choice pieces of household stuff*.'

'Pshaw! Henry,' replied he, with a tint of the roseate spreading

over his features, 'what eternal nonsense! I thought you had run dry before now.'

'Let me see,' said I, in a kind of half inquiring tone, when we were pretty well down, 'this is the street you have told me has so many great men in it — professors, theologians, and so on.'

'We think them great.'

'Perhaps, with suitable effort, one might get a *little divinity* here.'

My companion was too much taken up with himself to reply; for just then, passing a certain corner, his looks were suddenly turned earthward, and his color came and went.

'Have you dropped any thing?' asked I, in the friendliest tone I could command.

'Nothing.'

'Perhaps you are sick?'

'Not at all.'

Though we were now beyond the fatal spot, he would have gone on in silence, had I not been resolved to exorcise him from his state of enchantment. Turning short upon him, I asked if he had ever angled any in New-Haven. He said he had not. I had heard, I told him, that there were some very delightful fish here; and though I did not know whether they were often *caught*, yet I believed they were pretty apt to *bite*. He said he had never heard of it.

'At any rate,' said I, taking another tack, 'there are fine birds here, if one could only catch and cage them. Though I am told,' continued I, 'they are almost always on the wing; and when they do light, are very difficult to hit; so that some of the greatest shots in the country have *missed*.'

He said he had never seen many birds there. I told him I had heard they had the most delightful plumage, and some of them could sing well.

'There is a very pretty one, though rather small,' said I, pointing to a lovely little girl, of about sixteen, on the opposite corner.

I HAVE often, my son, spoken to you of 'the old homestead,' by which you of course know I do not mean your father's or your grandfather's, as neither of them ever had any such possession; but the old family place of your great grandfather, the fourth in a direct line from him who first brought our name from England, and planted it in Long Meadow, that noble town of one of the noblest states in the Union.

Imagine the two travellers — your father, now drawing near the prime of life, and his friend, some years younger — slowly approaching the abode of our fathers. The grass, since we entered the Connecticut river valley, has been greener than during any previous part of our ride. The delightful aspect of the country, the occasional glimpses, for the last two miles, of the city, the calmness of a sunset hour, and the coolness of an occidental breeze, have laid to rest the literary and almost ambitious aspirations of one heart, and the boiling passions and torturing cares of another. 'Say what you will,' said my companion, 'the whole circle of human knowledge is as nothing to the boundless circle of universal truth. Why then this

eager pursuit of that which is so small a part of the whole? Why spend a life in the feverish pursuit of knowledge, which is every where limited and intersected by ignorance, and which perhaps may burst in full splendor unbidden upon us, on our entrance at the portals of an eternal state? What if I do understand the philosophy of that cloudy drapery that hangs along the western horizon? Does the sight therefore give me more pleasure, while unfathomable depths of wonders lie beyond? 'Vanity of vanities!' saith the preacher — 'vanity of vanities — all is vanity!'

'Ay,' said I, 'and if he shall say thus, whose pursuit has been after knowledge, how much more may he affirm it, who has formed himself from the first, a child of passion, the history of whose existence is the history of his feelings; feelings obstructed, impeded; at one time crushed by the iron foot of fate, at another trampled upon by scornful men? If such an one gain his object, what is there in it? Nothing! And if he gain it not, what a life of torture and folly is his? Yet if one, on his approach to manhood, find his fortunes so lowly, that it seems presumptuous to aim at the actions of great men; if his honest efforts are met with frowns, and his aspirations with ridicule, is it a weakness, or is it not, now and then to give way to his emotions, to spurn human kind, and live in a world of his own? And what a glorious world, often, is that of his own, when, withdrawing itself from external means of delight, the mind falls back upon its own resources, and rises and dwells in its bright ethereal habitation, above clouds and storms!'

I verily believe a silent twilight hour is a better teacher of true philosophy, than the lessons of the living, or the tomes of the dead.

THE BELOVED.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOËTHE.

I THINK on thee, when the last glittering rays
From ocean gleam;
I think on thee, when the moon's glimmering gaze
Paints every stream.

I see thee on the distant way, the while
The dust appears:
At dead of night, when on the narrow stile
The wand'rer fears.

I hear thee, when with hollow roaring on
The wave has rush'd;
To list, in stilly woods, I oft have gone,
When all is hush'd.

I am with thee — be thou however far —
To me thou 'rt near;
The sun sinks down — soon lightens up each star —
Oh! wert thou here!

SUNRISE IN GREECE.

A DRAMATIC SCENE: FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.

A flower-garden belonging to the Temple of Diana, near Thebes, beyond which is a high mountain. Voices are heard welcoming the morn.

A VOICE IN THE AIR.

'AURORA, rise! the orient star
 Waits to guide thy rosy car;
 Milk-white steeds, a harness'd train,
 Chafe, champing on their golden rein:
 Apollo comes in royal state,
 Marvelling at th' unopened gate,
 Where with onward-beckoning fingers,
 The vernal hour impatient lingers:
 Rise and wrap a crimson vest
 Round thy life-awakening breast;
 Backward fold the starry lawn*
 O'er thy ambrosial tresses drawn;
 Fling from thy feet the dripping dew,
 And, with thy flowery sandals new,
 Take through the arching heaven thy way,
 And smile to birth the young-eyed day.'

A VOICE FROM THE GARDEN.

'Aurora wakes, and lifts her head
 From her cloud-encurtained bed;
 Mists that o'er the fountain lay,
 In silvery wreathings melt away;
 Buds upon the bush are flowering,
 Diamonds from the trees are showering,
 Zephyrs midst the leaves are playing,
 Honey-bees are out a-maying;
 The fawn has startled from the shade,
 Which, in the brook, his light form made;
 The glad lark *tirra-lirra* sings,
 As up and around he gaily springs:
 Voices sweet from grass and spray
 Mingle in his roundelay.'

A VOICE FROM THE MOUNTAIN,

With which gradually other voices join, 'till they form a chorus.

'Aurora comes! Around her car
 The welkin reddening, burns afar;
 The mountain's brow is crowned with gold,
 Saffron robes the woods enfold:
 There Diana, huntress, chides
 Apollo's tardy, slumbering guides;
 Cheerly rousing from their dreams,
 Her sylvan nymphs to hail his beams.
 With quiver o'er her shoulder thrown,
 And drapery oft by breezes blown,
 The heavenly goddess heads the chase,
 Her buskin'd feet begin the race.
 The stag has left his mossy lair,
 His nostrils snuff the inspiring air;
 Hounds unleash'd are deeply baying,
 Hoarse echo's hollow halls betraying,
 Their dew-laps brush the bladed grass,
 As, doubling round the rocky pass,
 Their cry resounds: 'Away! away!
 The antlered king shall turn to bay;
 Far down the bosky glen he flew
 Away! away! — halloo — halloo!'

* Aurora is always represented by the Greeks as throwing back her veil, to intimate that Night was left behind her.

During the last lines of the song, Diana and her nymphs appear, sweeping down from the east, and returning lower toward the forest, disappear.

Antigoné appears, listening.

'A strain of music, if mine ear be true,
Stole wandering down the wind. What could it be
With such rich cadence, dying upon the flowers?
'Tis said, in this kind maidenliest month,
When with the rosy hour Apollo smiles
Or his cold sister, Dian, our own goddess,
Queens it among the stars, spirits roam abroad
O'er the green bosom of the chiding earth,*
Hymning with heavenly-stringed instruments.
Perchance 't was one of these, for 'tis a morn
That wears unwonted loveliness. The breeze,
The gentle breeze, that fans the fresh-blown flowers
Is burdened with their fragrance, and the sky
Hath not one gossamer cloud to veil her brow.
I would I were a spirit, to sing its beauty!
A delicate spirit, that voyages on the air,
Living its music-life of bliss ambrosial!
I would not then shrink from those dreams that leave
Dark auguries upon my soul, nor see
The forms I love with sorrow visited;
Nor kiss with yearning lips, as I, alas!
Have done, their cold brow, heeding not my touch.
I do remember me, when once I stood
With my pale mother on this spot, to gaze
On yon deep heaven.'

Ismené, entering with a garland.

'Here, sister! I have brought
A fairy gift for you. Can you divine
Whose cunning hand has wreathed these beautiful flowers?
You smile: and yet your secret shall be safe;
I'll but reveal it to the wind-wooded leaves,
Indulgent to a tale so like their own,
And it shall go no farther. I have found it
Hung on the marble pillar of our home;
And the gold-coated bee, that wound itself
Into the red bud's shrinking bosom, says
It came from the prince Hæmon.'

ANTIGONE.

'You have been
Dealing in magic with the dark Egyptian
Of yonder cave, Ismené!'

ISMENE.

'No—I know
His favorite wild flowers, and his bard-like taste,
Grouping them ever to some toy of thought.
How beautiful they are! As he's not here
To call their every choicest excellence thine,
I cannot choose but do it for him.

'See!

This lily hath a lady-look of innocence,
And cheek most like thine own, save when I speak
The one forbidden name—and then thine bear
The faint carnation of this new-blown bud.
Stay—I am wrong: they more than rival now
This bright imperial queen-rose of Damascus—
Flora's own rose. 'Tis vain to turn away
Your cheek: your neck and very bosom wear
Her livery. This softest violet hath not
The tint that darkens in your eye.'

* 'The chiding autumn, angry winter change
Their wonted liveries.'

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

ANTIGONE.

'T is thine,
Cerulean blue, as was our mother's eye,
Ismené.'

ISMENE.

'And — here is the clustering almond,
That wastes its loveliness, a sunny day —
The orange blossom, with a virtue left,
When the leaves droop, to live in golden fruit —
And that too fades. I'd have *thee* not as frail,
But lovely ever as some flower perennial.
My own Antigone —'

ANTIGONE.

'And canst thou not,
Dear foolish fancier, a wild flower find,
A semblance of thy self, amidst this group?
And yet thou 'rt rather as a young-eyed fawn,
Witching with sweet ways the world's coldest heart.'

ISMENE.

'And for that pretty saying I will crown
Thee as *he* thinks thee — queen. Here let me wreath
This odorous chaplet round thy brow, and when
The prince shall come, he shall be told how well
It did become thee.'

Elizabeth-town, (N. J.,) 1837.

H. L. B.

AMERICAN SOCIETY.

NUMBER THREE.

'If the world is ever to be reformed, woman, sensible, enlightened, well-educated and principled, must be the original mover in the great work.'

FLINT.

WE hear a great deal about the influence of woman. For many years past, it has been the favorite theme of moralists, both in Europe and America. We have volume after volume addressed to us, teaching our duties as wives, as mothers, and as mistresses of families. We have committed to our charge, and very justly too, the entire guidance of the nursery, and the early training of its beloved inmates. And we are also told, that it is our task to 'be the original mover in the great work of reforming the world.' Respecting the justice of this imposed duty, we shall here make no inquiry. Our business now is to examine the aggregate state of American female society, and to see how far we have been benefitted by the exertions that have been made to bring us to a sense of our responsibilities.

Although the varieties of female character are as numerous as nature and circumstances can make them, yet it will be sufficient for our purpose to divide them into four classes: the *fashionable*, the *domestic*, the *intellectual*, and the *religious*. In making a classification of a being as complex as man, all we can do is, to select the prominent, distinctive features, as there is scarcely an individual who does not unite some qualities to these, which may belong to a different order.

In the fashionable class, are included all those of every station in life, who are guided by the tastes and opinions, and follow the habits and customs, of the fashionable world. For, in our acceptance of the term, the mechanic's daughter, whose chief pleasure is in dress and visiting, is as essentially fashionable as the heiress of the wealthy merchant, whose enjoyment is derived from the same sources; though one may be decked in vulgar finery, while the other is dressed in strict accordance with the latest European costume, and the former is trudging on foot to gossip with her acquaintance, while the latter, in making her morning calls, is borne from one mansion to another in her splendid equipage.

If it can be denied that this order is the most numerous, still it must be acknowledged, that it is the one whose influence is most prominent and pervading. It ought to be the business of the others to counteract the evil effects of this perverted influence; but with a few bright exceptions here and there, all are content to submit to the guidance of this — the reigning class. Whether it be owing to ignorance, indolence, or want of reflection, we will not say; but certain it is, that there has as yet been no strenuous or united effort made to reform their own sex, by those upon whom the responsibility rests. And it is for this reason, that those usurpers have so long and so firmly maintained their tyrannizing supremacy.

Among the most striking faults evident in our fashionable females, the most ludicrous is their avowed preference for every thing foreign and imported, whether it be a bonnet, a pier-table, or a man. American manufactures, American productions, or American gentlemen, savor of vulgarity, and want of gentility; but *European* is the talismanic adjunct, which, when affixed to any thing, whatever it may be, gives it an adventitious value, even if it has no inherent one. We are frequently told, with all due consequence, that such an article or such a person came from London or Paris; and though we are expected to be deeply impressed with the great importance of this fact, yet we can see nothing better, more beautiful, or more worthy of respect, than we daily meet with in our own specimens of nature's handy-work — man — or that of our native artisans. Though our countrymen may be less skilled in the obsequious gallantry of foreign coxcombs, and though their manners may seldom equal the bowing graces of the French dancing-master, or the nobleman's valet, yet the generality of them are men whose tastes and pursuits are worthy of their sex. It is true, that fashionable women may find them less suited to 'play the agreeable' as morning visitors, or in dancing attendance on their whims and caprices at the midnight assembly; yet they possess the qualities of intellect and character that are requisite to make good husbands and faithful friends. Instead of contemning the professional man, or the man of business, for his awkwardness, his *mauvaise honte*, or his ignorance of the trifling ceremonies of society, we should honor him for it, as a convincing proof that his time and attention have been more nobly, more rationally employed, than in practising the airs and graces necessary to make him a 'lady's man,' or in assiduously studying 'The Laws of Etiquette,' for the important information of the size and number of cards necessary to be left upon a morning call, and whether they should be engraved

or written in lead pencil. Our lawyers and physicians, our merchants and politicians, are too much engrossed in their respective occupations, to be able to become good waltzers, or agreeable talkers upon the latest fashions or the last new novel.

The preference for foreign fooleries, and the abject reverence for foreign titles, are so prevalent in our fashionable society, that this characteristic is lamented and censured by the moralist, and has not escaped the shrewd observation and caustic ridicule of the laboring classes. The wife of a florist lately said to us, when repeating the names of several new varieties of flowers, 'I hate to have so many Lords and Ladies, Dukes and Princes; and I wanted my husband to call them after the distinguished women, or great men, of our own country. He tried it for a while, but found that it would never do, for these seldom met a purchaser, while those that had high-sounding names were always preferred. We were obliged, on this account, to change the names of several varieties of our dahlias and japonicas. The American ladies are very fond of titles' — and, with a knowing look, she added, 'an 'Emperor Alexander' will sell much better than a 'George Washington,' and a 'Duchess of St. Albans' than a 'Dolly Madison.'

From the female part of the fashionable world has also arisen that inordinate desire for wealth, that extravagance of expenditure, that insane eagerness for display, and those groundless distinctions of rank, which have not only wrecked the peace and prosperity of so many families, but which now threaten to undermine the fair fabric of our country's birth-right — *freedom and equality* — by the wide-spreading devastation of their corrupting streams. Ask the merchant, who confines himself to his dark counting-room from the early morning to the twilight hour, why it is that he so laboriously strives to accumulate thousands after thousands, when his fortune is already more than sufficient to gratify every reasonable gratification. He will tell you, that it is to enable his family to live in a style corresponding to their wishes. We would fain believe, that there is not a being calling himself a man, who, if uninfluenced by an ambitious wife and daughters, would consider the tinsel glitter of fashionable life as sufficient recompense for his years of anxious toil and wearing care, or who would acknowledge that to gain this petty distinction is an aim worthy the exertions of a being endowed with reason, and destined for immortality. In this sin, we believe that woman is the tempter, and the origin of her error may be traced to defective education and improper training. Look at the groups of young and lovely girls, from lisping infancy to dawning womanhood, and see what are the prominent objects held out for their attainment. As soon as a daughter is old enough to understand what is said to her, she is carefully taught by every one around her, that to be fashionably-dressed, and to be admired, is the chief end and aim of her sex. Her attire and her personal appearance are the subject of comment and conversation in the nursery and in the drawing-room, in the family circle and among her mother's visitors. When she is placed under the care of instructors, what is it in which her parents seem most anxious that she should excel, and what is most skilfully inculcated in the fashionable boarding-school? Is it that she may be

trained to usefulness, or prepared for the duties she may have to perform in after life? No! It is not these. The poor innocent child is taught other lessons. Its ingenuous simplicity is checked by the maxims of worldly refinement, and its warm-hearted affections are forbidden to flow where they would, by instilling into it the distinctions of society, and by being told it must be guided in the choice of its associates by wealth and rank, and not by virtue or goodness. To glide gracefully in the waltz, or to trip lightly through the mazes of the cotillion—to warble harmoniously in an unknown tongue, or to attain a masterly execution upon the harp, guitar, or piano—is of far more importance than to have a sound judgment and a well-cultivated mind, or to be able to fulfil the duties of a daughter, a wife, or a mother. An opera-dancer or a public performer is a model more worthy of imitation than the mother of Washington, or a Mrs. Graham. A young lady who frequents fashionable assemblies, and is enabled, by devoting her time to personal decoration, to appear as gaily attired upon a limited income as those of larger fortunes, is spoken of in terms of commendation; while the female who prefers plainness of dress, and spends her days in retirement, attending to her moral and mental improvement, is contemptuously pitied for her dull mopishness, and want of spirit. When a girl has acquired what is thought an adequate knowledge of music, by the sacrifice of many hours a day of the short period allotted for her intellectual culture, and has learned to enter a room gracefully—when she has skimmed over the abridgments of the sciences, without understanding their simplest elements, and is able to pronounce a few French phrases—her education is finished, and she is thought prepared to take her station in the gay world, as an adventurer for the great prize—a wealthy matrimonial establishment. In the whirl of fashionable follies, she soon loses what little is left of her intellect and affections, and becomes an ignorant, heartless woman of ton. With such a preparatory training, how can we wonder that when a wife, she will leave her children to hireling nurses and teachers, devote her days and nights to worldly amusements, and stimulate her husband to the accumulation of wealth, as the only means of their gratification? We should rather pity than blame her, when we see that to equal or surpass her neighbors in the splendor of her house and furniture, her routs and her dinner-parties, is the chief object of her life, and her sole occupation and enjoyment are found in dress and in visiting. The influence of such a woman is not only felt by her husband, her children, and her servants, but it extends far and wide upon the current of society. The female who confines herself to her own fire-side, may be the blessing or the bane of her family; but the leader of fashion, who nightly gathers around her the wives and the daughters among her extended circles of acquaintance, and who daily exhibits her splendid equipage in the crowded thoroughfares of a large city, wields a sceptre of power, whose evil effects will be felt through every grade and station. The aspiring wife of the petty tradesman discontentedly sighs for the time when her husband will be able to gratify her desire for a similar display, and the wife of the mechanic, as she bears her heavily laden basket, views the luxurious carriage with envy, and bitterly feels the

painful distinction between the rich and the poor. The spirit of agrarianism, which is inflaming and festering in the hearts of the laboring classes, is fostered by the extravagance and gaudy show with which the wealthy love to surround themselves. They wilfully waste their accumulated fortunes in the sparkling *jets d'eau*, instead of permitting them to run in refreshing streams, where all could be benefitted, or causing them to spread greenness and fertility among the barren wastes of poverty. We have seen those who were borne along in their gilded and emblazoned carriages, followed by their liveried out-riders, and wrapped in habiliments whose cost would have brought peace and plenty to many a poor widow's hearth, who could meanly endeavor to rob the indigent seamstress or laborer of their just dues, and take advantage of their poverty, by offering for their work less than its value. It is a well-known fact, that the most wealthy are generally least liberal to those in their employ; and the fondness for making cheap bargains, and of securing labor at half price, belongs almost exclusively to those who have least need for them. Would that the just sentiment spoken by a heathen king of one of the small eastern monarchies were more often echoed in our prosperous Christian land! Upon hearing his son boasting to those around him of a purchase he had just made, of an article far beneath its real worth, he nobly said: 'Go to him from whom you bought it, and give him treble its value, and blush with shame, to think you have boasted of having taken advantage of a man's ignorance or necessity.'

The next class is the domestic; and in this we do not include those who love retirement for its own sake, or whose hearths and homes are the dearest spots on earth; but we use this term to designate those who are wholly engrossed by their household occupations. This, in our country, is a numerous order — more so, perhaps, than any other — owing to the unsettled and unorganized state of servitude, prevailing in all but the slave-holding districts. In our land, where all are free and equal, there is, among the laboring part of our population, an instinctive dislike to enter into service, and the greater number would prefer remaining in a home of their own, however humble, where they are obliged to endure all the evils of poverty, than to live as servants, in comfort and plenty. From this, arises one of the difficulties in procuring well-trained domestics, and the consequently varied and irritating trials of house-keepers. But, as Mrs. Sigourney very justly observes, this is 'a tax which all should be willing to pay, for the privileges of our government.' It is perhaps best that we should have to contend with these difficulties. Although the present irregularity and disturbance among the conflicting interests of the employer and the employed are productive of many annoyances, yet it may be wisely ordered, as a salutary corrective, tending to bring our social life into accordance with the tenor and spirit of our free institutions. As soon as we are willing to conform, in our houses and homes, to the republican principles of the glorious charter which declared us free and independent, then we believe these causes of complaint will be banished from among us. When we learn 'to moderate our wants, and study simplicity in our style of living; when the love of show and vanity, with their

countless expenses and competitions are stricken from our household lists,' then and then only, shall we be freed from the wearing cares that break many a woman's spirit, and render those duties vexing and distasteful, which, by a wiser arrangement, would be made easy and delightful. If we consent to give up our splendidly-decorated drawing-rooms, from which the light of day is carefully excluded, and where the furniture is only uncovered for one or two gala-nights in a year, and content ourselves with simply yet tastefully-furnished parlors, intended for the use of our family and friends, we shall then be relieved from the necessity of keeping a band of idle retainers, whose cost of maintenance far exceeds the value of their labor, and whose proper management and direction are a fruitful source of toil and anxiety.

There is unfortunately an opinion existing among us, that has made refinement and gentility synonymous with show and luxury. There is, however, no real affinity between them. As one of the late English novelists observes: 'True refinement inheres *within*, and no more derives its character from outward trappings, than heaven's gift of symmetry owe its fair proportions to the fringes with which fashion encumbers its beauty. It is not whether your tables are of mahogany or deal, your dishes of china or delf, that distinguishes refinement from its opposite. It is the *soul* that presides at the banquet.' We have been frequently struck with the truth of this distinction, when visiting a family, which is the true model of what American society should be. Their rural home is furnished with greater simplicity and plainness than is often seen in the houses of the city mechanics, yet evidences of the taste and refinement of its inmates are every where apparent. Instead of the costly pieces of French china, and the many petty gewgaws that ornament the centre and pier tables of the wealthy and the fashionable, you see rare and beautiful specimens of conchology and mineralogy, and numerous volumes of science and light literature. And in the place of gilded vases, splendid lamps, or alabaster clocks, you find rich bouquets of rare exotics, among which are peeping the delicate wild flowers gathered in their woodland rambles.

In their dress, there is the same tasteful simplicity, and absence of every thing like vanity or display. Their polished manners, their Virginian hospitality, their easy flow of intellectual converse, and the grateful warmth of their affections, unchilled by conventional forms and soulless ceremony, render the hours spent in their society a banquet for the mind and heart. The charm of their companionship is felt by all who visit them, even by those who are incapable of appreciating their high mental endowments, and moral elevation. To the woman whose only subject of conversation is upon her household employments, they will enter into her feelings and suit themselves to her capacities, for of domestic duties they have both the knowledge and the practice. Those of a literary taste will be fascinated by the graces of their gifted minds, and to the lover of nature's fair productions, or beautiful scenes, they will show the rich parterre, with its blooming flowers, and their choice collection of nursling plants, or point out the green hills and lovely valleys that are seen through the vistas opened here and there through the embowering elms. You

cannot help feeling, when you are with them, that they are fitted to adorn the highest circles of fashion, yet nothing could tempt them to leave their happy seclusion. There is so much enjoyment in each other's society, that they will not be separated; and they can never be induced to enter into the gay world, because to them it has no charms. No one would suppose, from the neatness and order in every department of their household, from the taste and elegance of their entertainments, and from the apparent leisure of every member, that they kept but one young servant. You hear no complaints of the difficulties of house-keeping; you never find any one engrossed and irritated by domestic toils; but every thing seems to be performed as if by magic. The harmonious arrangement is seen, but its petty details are never exhibited to your view. This family, from their limited income, would be called poor by the world; but they are rich in that which the wealthy vulgar can never possess — genuine refinement and true gentility.

Added to the existing condition of our domestic arrangements, there is another powerful reason why many women after marriage find themselves overwhelmed by clashing and perplexing duties, out of which they are unable to produce either order or harmony, and this is — the want of a previous preparation for the station upon which they have entered. A girl is generally placed at school at an early age, and leaves it upon arriving at womanhood. Under the mistaken notion of permitting her to enjoy herself while single, no attention to household duties is expected or required. Her life is a perpetual holiday — a continued succession of frivolous amusements; and when she becomes a wife, she is dismayed to find that she is ignorant and unpractised in those duties for which she should have been carefully educated. She then either leaves the care of her household to her hired menials, or, if desirous to act a faithful part, she runs the risk of sinking into the mere domestic drudge. By a want of system and judicious management, which would have made her employments lighter and more efficiently performed, her time and attention are wholly engrossed by the minutia of the daily routine. If she once possessed any taste for intellectual pleasures or improvement, she has now neither the leisure nor the opportunity for its gratification. We have heard many married women say, that they found it impossible to read a page of the most interesting work, without a constant and painful effort. The thought of their household occupations would perpetually intrude itself, and prevent them from fixing their minds on any other subject. One who is thus circumstanced, becomes incapable of spiritual or intellectual advancement, and of exercising that reflection and calm collectedness of thought, so necessary to fit her for the higher duties of a wife, a mother, and a Christian. She loses all congeniality with her husband, and when he wishes to read to her, she either cannot remain to listen, or else his words fall upon her ear, but convey no impression upon her understanding. When the dawning mind of her child leads it to her, as its natural instructor, to satisfy its ardent desire for information, she considers it troublesome, and has no time to attend to its inquiries. Slavish cares press upon her mind and her heart, and leave no room for domestic enjoyment. Her home, instead of being the abode of

peace and happiness, is the scene of irritating trials, and constant hardships. Scolding and invective, while following her servants during the day, are followed by weariness and exhaustion at night; and thus month after month and year after year roll onward, without bearing one record of her progress and improvement. And 'she finds herself plunged into an abyss of cares and troubles, from which she cannot expect to be extricated, till the close of a wretched and wearisome life.'

Notwithstanding the general diffusion of knowledge, and the interest that has been awakened upon the subject of female education, yet we fear that our next class — the intellectual — will be found comparatively a small one. The temple of science, like the paradise of Mohammed, was formerly considered a place too sacred for the intrusion of woman; and although its jealous barriers are now removed, and they are permitted to enter its enclosures, yet the effects of this prohibition still exert an influence sufficiently powerful to keep the greater number from making the attempt. The monkish maxim of the dark ages, that 'Ignorance is the mother of Devotion,' and the favorite theory of tyrants, that the education of the governed tends to disorder and disorganization, are now fast disappearing before the light of truth and just reasoning, and with these the prejudice against learning in a woman is also fading away, and the rights and true interests of the female sex are beginning to be universally acknowledged. It has been found from experience, that mental cultivation, instead of raising woman above her duties, tends to arouse her to a deeper sense of their responsibility, and enables her to discharge them more faithfully. It has been seen that it is possible 'to have one eye rigidly fixed on the pence-table, and with the other, to pierce the empyrean of science, that genius can stoop its 'enthroned fires,' and give earnest heed to the consumption of coal and candles, the latter not of wax, but of veritable tallow;' and what is still more convincing than these, that most harassing fear has been found fallacious, that a woman *could not make a good pudding*, if she were rendered capable of educating her children. Since these truths have been established, and this fear has been dissipated by so many bright examples, the world has begun to feel the importance of female education, and to acknowledge that as the future character of the child chiefly depends upon the mother, it becomes highly necessary that she should be enlightened, well-educated, and principled. Even men of sense were wont to employ the pen of ridicule, and the spoken jest, to throw contempt upon *learned women*, and they so effectually gained their object, that it will be many, many years before the prejudice they excited will have passed away. The urgent appeals of moralists will make but a faint impression upon the female sex, when the opinions of former days are yet current in society. A young lady still feels a greater hesitation in acknowledging a taste for high intellectual pursuits, than she would in speaking of Bulwer's novels, or the performances of an opera-dancer. The dreaded title of 'blue-stocking,' has become obsolete, yet 'she-philosopher,' the name of terror now applied by the fashionable fopling, is still as much deprecated. It is true, that there may have been, at first, some grounds for this prejudice, by the vanity which learning may have inspired in

some females, owing to its rarity. But we are inclined to believe, that the fault was in the individual, and not in her acquirements ; as Hannah More so justly remarks, that she who is a vain pedant, because she has read much, would have been a vain fool, if she had read nothing. The least occasional neglect in the house of an intelligent woman meets with no allowance, however excusable may be the reasons for it ; while the most striking proofs of careless management in that of the fashionable one, is passed over without censure. While this prejudice so widely prevails, and is exhibited in so many different forms, can we wonder that the number of females is so limited, who consider the cultivation of their minds as one of their highest duties, and most delightful privileges ? This number, however, is gradually increasing, and let them bear in mind, that one of the noblest efforts in which they can exert their influence, is the endeavor to raise their sex to that station which nature and reason show they should attain.

Upon examining into the religious portion of our female society, we feel as if we were trespassing on hallowed ground. So highly do we estimate their importance as a class, that we cannot help regretting that so many among professing Christians are wanting in that spiritual elevation, that beautiful consistency of character, which should make them, in their own proper spheres, bright and shining stars. We fear that with some, their benevolent societies, their tract distributions, and the frequent attendance at various meetings, are the 'tithes of mint, anise, and cummin,' which lead them to neglect that personal piety, and those untransferable domestic obligations, upon which so much of their right influence depends. Let such remember, that to keep themselves 'unspotted from the world' is the concluding clause of that precept which enjoins them to 'visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction.' We would not wish to check the flowing of the smallest rill of active benevolence ; yet we are persuaded, that much more good might be effected, if to this virtue were added the other gems in the Christian's coronet. The 'love of the world,' with its corrupting influences, is almost as frequently seen in the houses of the wealthy, among the professedly religious, as in those of the gay and the fashionable. This ought not to be ; for surely if it be the duty of any class to endeavor to stem the torrent of extravagance, display, and Mammon-idolatry, it is of those who are commanded 'not to lay up their treasures upon earth,' and who have promised to renounce the world and its follies.

After our slight examination into the different orders of American female society, we fear that there are few individuals among them who have considered the power and right direction of the influence of woman, with the attention which its importance demands, or who have been duly impressed with the weight of their responsibility. As the knowledge of the true God was revealed to the Jews, that they might shed its light upon the nations lying in darkness and idolatry around them, so do we believe that to woman are given the power and opportunity to purify and to bless mankind. Their duty does not call them to launch upon the gathered and turbid waters of public life ; it is theirs to heal the fountains of home, that they may send forth pellucid streams, as tributaries to the great ocean. Their

brothers, husbands, and sons should find in the sanctuary of domestic life a quiet refuge from worldly cares, and a purification from worldly corruptions. The glory of the Lord should hover in brightness upon the family-altar, and banish from its band of worshippers the dark clouds of earthly passions and sinful propensities. And since it was woman who first listened to the tempter, and brought 'death into the world, and all our wo,' let it be her task to reform and to elevate all who come within the circle of her influence, so that the evils that now exist may cease from among us, and our nation may become the *moral* as well as the *political* regenerator of the world. G.

Baltimore, January, 1837.

CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION.

AN EXTRACT.

THERE is a mourner, and her heart is broken :
 She is a widow — she is old and poor :
 Her only hope is in that sacred token
 Of peaceful happiness, when life is o'er :
 She asks nor wealth nor pleasure — begs no more
 Than heaven's delightful volume, and the sight
 Of her Redeemer. 'Skeptics ! would you pour
 Your blasting vials on her head, and blight
 Sharon's sweet rose, that blooms and charms her being's night ?

She lives in her affections ; for the grave
 Has closed upon her husband, children : all
 Her hopes are with the arms she trusts will save
 Her treasured jewels ; though her views are small,
 Though she has never mounted high, to fall
 And writhe in her debasement, yet the spring
 Of her meek, tender feelings cannot pall
 Her unperturbed palate, but will bring
 A joy without regret, a bliss that has no sting.

Even as a fountain, whose unsullied wave
 Wells in the pathless valley, flowing o'er
 With silent waters, kissing, as they lave
 The pebbles with light rippling, and the shore
 Of matted grass and flowers — so softly pour
 The breathings of her bosom, when she prays,
 Long bowed before her Maker ; then no more
 She muses on the grief of former days ;
 Her full heart melts and flows in heaven's dissolving rays.

And Faith can see a new world, and the eyes
 Of saints look pity on her : Death will come —
 A few short moments over, and the prize
 Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb
 Becomes her fondest pillow : all its gloom
 Is scattered : what a meeting there will be
 To her and all she loved here, and the bloom
 Of new life from those cheeks shall never flee —
 Theirs is the health which lasts through all eternity.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

JOHN JENKINS.*

A STORY FROM AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME.

CHAPTER IV.

JOHN JENKINS was near forty, and consequently an old bachelor; a lawyer, and a very clever fellow. Some men are gray-haired with wisdom, some grow gray-headed in the service of the state, but Mr. Jenkins was gray because of over-much thought. He worshipped the sex with an intense devotion, and had thought about matrimony in the abstract, until the auburn shades of his hair gradually faded into the hue of twilight. Every brown study increased the very respectable minority of silvery streaks, and by the time he had attained the complement of five-and-thirty years, the auburn hairs were out-numbered on a division, and gray was the hair apparent to the crown. Every one knows how unfortunate is the predicament of a gentleman who finds himself gray-headed and unmarried. He is shy and suspicious of the girls, and they have so much veneration for his age, that no room is left in their minds for the idea of love.

Mr. Jenkins had signalized himself by numerous gallantries. When quite a youth, he had the misfortune to get that crotchet in his head, which has played the mischief with the happiness of many a fine fellow — that is, he fancied that Mrs. Jenkins that was to be, would be in all respects just such as Mrs. Jenkins should be — that is, a specimen of a perfect woman, with a touch of heaven in her composition. This crotchet had so refined his perceptions of what was truly lovely, that he had grown to be most outrageously particular — in other words, he had lost the faculty of discriminating qualities which were genuine and good. At length, he concluded that there was but one perfect woman on earth; that her being was mysteriously approximating to his own, and that the dictate of destiny to him was, to find her out. He forthwith commenced the search; but to his horror he found that every one of his female acquaintance was deformed by some imperfection, and a blemish was his utter abhorrence. It is very silly in a man to suppose that while the sun and every other luminary that twinkles in the universe is spotted, there should be one 'bright particular star' in the depths of space, dwelling apart, which is an exception without spot or blemish.

The ardency of Mr. Jenkins' passion kept the hue fresh on his cheek; and at thirty he would have passed for twenty-five, but for some few impudent scattering gray hairs, which were everlastingly sticking themselves up, as if there were nothing in the person of their owner worthy of being looked at but themselves.

A lady at length loomed splendidly before the vision of Mr. Jenkins, and he concluded the period of his probation was over. He looked at Miss Rosemay again and again, until he was satisfied that she was the heaven-sent messenger of love to his heart. Now then

* WHEN 'the pressure,' which is not without its influence upon biblioplists, as well as merchants and tradesmen, shall have somewhat subsided, we hope to see the clever work from which this sketch is taken, attain the 'dignity of print.' It should not be permitted to slumber in manuscript.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

the dream that had followed him for years was to be verified — for he had met the prettiest, loveliest, and exquisitest being, who had ever been reflected on the retina of a lover's eye — one who was only kept out of heaven because of the jealousy she would have occasioned among the angels. Against this lady, he commenced a regular siege. He stormed her breast-works with a whole battery of sighs, moonbeams, and smiles; he opened a brisk cannonade of sonnets and albums, notes and gig-rides; until the enemy of his heart's peace, being unable to stand the fire longer, held out a flag of truce from the besieged citadel, in the shape of a celestial smile. A treaty was entered into, the leading stipulation of which was, that the lady should be a prisoner at the discretion of the besieger for ever, after two months, *in futuro*, had thrown their drops into the swelling ocean of past ages.

John Jenkins was overjoyed: indeed, his heart was so full of bliss, that if he had not suffered it to leak out, it certainly would have rendered him most uncomfortable. He therefore communicated the secret of his success to a score of his dear friends, under cover of the strictest injunctions of confidence. The consequence was, that before three days had passed, half the town was aware that he was about to become the 'happiest fellow in the world.' Its propriety was the town's talk; the ladies stared at it, and the gentlemen wondered at it, just as if nothing strange had ever taken place in that line before.

A groomsman is a *sine qua non* on such occasions as that momentous one which was about to happen to Mr. Jenkins. He pitched on Will Landsmore, as the most suitable person to be his right hand man. Will was much better looking than Jenkins, but he had not a tithe of his wit. He was introduced to the bride that was to be, when just two weeks were wanting to the consummation of her happiness. They were all three forthwith got together — sprightly and romantic, although their aggregate years would have outnumbered a century. But love makes old age forget his crutches, and causes decrepitude, like some peach-trees, to resume its bloom when the sere of autumn is on its foliage. From their conversation, you would not have supposed them capable of their wisdom and experience; it was so light, so joyous, and so full of promised happiness.

Will was quite charmed with the romance of Miss Rosemay, and she sighed as she counted over his thousand personal fascinations. The unsuspecting Jenkins never dreamed of any mistake, until there was trouble in the wigwam. Landsmore, who was somewhat famous for his tricks, had very slyly been passing off some of his trickery on his friend Jenkins. The lady and himself, who made a majority of the triad, concluded that the happiness of all three would be much enhanced by a new arrangement; and Mr. Jenkins was informed, by a note from his friend Will, that a new distribution of offices had been agreed on, and that he, Mr. John Jenkins, had been appointed groomsman, instead of groom, for the approaching nuptials. An old bachelor can stand almost any thing in the shape of disappointment; but this proposition, so unexpected too, was utterly insufferable.

Mr. Jenkins did not rave like a madman, but sat down coolly, like a philosopher, to determine on the course best to be pursued in this

emergency. His mind was soon made up; and grasping his cane, he proceeded in quest of his rival. He found him with the lady who was at the bottom of this nefarious business. A very awkward scene ensued. Jenkins demanded of Landsmore an explanation of the note which he threw down before him. His firmness startled Will, who cowered under his indignant glance. Turning to the lady, he questioned her as to the truth of the contents of the note on the floor, which he knocked toward her with his cane. She professed great ignorance of the engagement between Mr. Jenkins and herself — laughed at the very preposterous idea that had taken possession of his brain — and told him it was a delusion of the most silly character, and one of which a gentleman of his years should be ashamed. He preserved his temper; he told her she was as false as her front tooth; and intimated to Mr. Landsmore something about ‘satisfaction,’ which that gentleman did not fully understand.

A challenge was sent from Jenkins, and Will’s courage was on a tour to the virtues when it arrived. He called a council of war of three friends, who told him there was no alternative, and he must fight. He turned pale, and gasped at this announcement, wished he had not interfered in the matter, and returned an acceptance of the challenge.

On the next morning, at sunrise, the meeting was to take place. Landsmore took a courage-stiffener in the evening, and started off to see his sweet-heart. She encouraged him — told him to die game, if needs be — and said Jenkins deserved killing, for the left-handed compliment he had uttered against her *smile*. He kissed her at parting, and went home. He could think of nothing but pistols, and bullets, and blood, and the grave. ‘Oh these duels,’ thought he, ‘are horrible things! In the first place, one is tortured to death with the most frightful presentiments; his watch stops, and the candle goes out: secondly, you must be shot to death with ugly bullets, and have surgeons sticking their abominable lancets in your tenderest parts; and thirdly, you must go to ‘that undiscovered country,’ just when you do not wish to go, and in a manner not at all propitious to a happy reception when you get there.’ As these thoughts crowded his mind, Landsmore had a great notion to run away; but where to hide his shame and his grief, was more than his confused bit of brain could determine.

The morning arrived, and so did Landsmore’s second, who told him, with great nonchalance, that the hour was come. Will would have suffered the amputation of his much-loved leg, if that would have satisfied his friend. He pleaded sickness, and told his second that he was too ill, and he feared the fog would give him the ague. He was assured that in all probability a shot or two would cure him of the ague, with a slight innuendo about the anti-aguish warmth of certain lower regions. His friend at length forced him to the gig, and drove off rapidly.

‘Is Jenkins much of a shot?’ asked Landsmore, while his teeth chattered like the window of a stage-coach.

‘Tolerably good, Sir,’ said the second, lightly. ‘He is a dead shot five out of six times, at a target on a barn door.’

‘My principles are opposed to this kind of proceeding. It is unchristian and barbarous,’ said Landsmore.

‘Curse your scruples! — here, take a dram, my dear fellow, and silence them,’ said the cold-blooded second, laughing, and extending a pocket-flask.

Landsmore emptied the contents, as they came in sight of the fatal ground. Jenkins and second were there, laughing, as if the affair was the merest sport in the world. The ground, ten paces, was measured off, and the pistols presented to the antagonists.

‘Mr. Jenkins,’ said Landsmore, ‘I acknowledge —’

‘No quarters to treachery!’ interrupted Jenkins. ‘Come, take it like a man, Sir.’

Landsmore was confounded; all hope passed from him; the word ‘fire!’ was given, and he pulled the trigger. He raised his head; the muzzle of his antagonist’s weapon was looking murder in his eye. He flinched — who could help it? Again he looked; the frightful pistol was still pointed at him. Jenkins stepped toward him, and told him to run, or die. Forgetful of his honor, Landsmore obeyed the instinct of self-preservation, and started. Jenkins followed, and discharged his pistol in the immediate vicinity of Landsmore’s ear. Off went his hat, and down went his body. There was one shudder of fearfully wild feeling, and his senses were sealed in forgetfulness — but not exactly in death.

Landsmore soon revived, smelt a rat, and felt the full efficacy of the joke to which he had been the victim. He left the field of honor, covered with dirt and shame, instead of immortal glory.

The affair was told with considerable embellishment about town. The lady was blamed, Jenkins was applauded, and Landsmore was laughed at, most unmercifully. To add to his misfortune, the lady would have nothing to do with one at whom the boys in the street poked their fun. Poor fellow! He was ostracised by public opinion, and left the place in disgust, wishing that his right arm had been perforated, for then he would not have been the victim of a duel, in which nothing but powder and smoke were used.

Mr. Jenkins forthwith became very popular: he was smiled on by the ladies, who, in consideration of his gallantry, did not laugh at him, though his hair was as frisky, and as far from being black, as a squirrel’s tail.

S.

THE PORTRAIT.

Would I might stay those features as they pass,
Where Beauty seems as if she loved to dwell,
And chain that smile upon the fickle glass —
That smile, whose sweetness words in vain would tell,
Or fix thy glance, with all its heaven of blue,
The evening star that floats its azure through!
But no; the spot where I would bid them rest,
Is all unworthy they should linger there;
The blush of morn on ocean’s slumbering breast,
The star, bright-imaged in its depths of air,
Vanish from off its bosom, like thy smile,
That rests but on so frail a thing awhile,
Then seeks a home whence it may ne’er depart,
The faithful mirror of a loving heart.

Cambridge, (Mass.) 1837.

1.

TO THE EYE OF A WHALE:

ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERED, SHRIVELLED AND SHRUNKEN TO A SHAPELESS MASS, IN A LONG,
UNVISITED DRAWER OF A CABINET.

Thou withered orb, that, dull and sightless now,
Retainest nought distinguishing thy use,
How priceless were the wondrous chronicle
Of all thou hast surveyed!

The lower deep —
That world of unimagined mysteries
Which token of the tempest, save its spoil,
The battered wreck and pale unshrouded dead
Hath never stirred — thy glance unreasoning,
Even as a scene familiar, hath explored.
Thy strong possessor may have there succumb'd
To strength superior; for enormous shapes,
Singly, or prowling in embattled herds,
Whose meanest prey to us would monstrous seem,
May roam perchance the dim, unruffled blue.
And deeper still, where the leviathan
Of upper ocean never yet hath delved —
Where the compacted waters, billowless
And inelastic as the solid earth,
Deny him ingress — may be forms of life
Mightier than he, with iron sinews braced,
To cleave the thick, unventilated void.

Let none affirm such marvels may not be:
Remember *who* creates, nor limit Him
Who moulded chaos to a universe,
And firing orb on orb, uplit yon arch
With countless myriads of illumined worlds!
That which his hand proportions, it restrains;
And though no fierce, rapacious prodigies,
Surging aloft from the unplumbed abyss,
Affright our coasts, or overwhelm with ponderous charge
Our broad-winged navies, yet the ocean's bed
May teem with such creations. The thin air,
That lifts the eagle circling toward the sun,
Yields to the step of man; and even so
The incumbent waters may be all too light
To float th' unbuoyant and stupendous frames
Engendered in the density below.

Enough of wild chimera. Turn we now
From the dark depths — unsearched, unsearchable —
To the glad waters which behold the sun.
Methinks I see the animated mass
That once thy guiding prescience piloted,
With swarthy back just arched above the wave,
Basking supinely in the torrid beam.
From colder climes he comes a voyager,
Even from the bleak Antarctic, leaving far
Its alps of ice, and bright, sky-bounded plains
Of shivered crystal, for the tepid waves
Which clasp the summer isles. The silken swell
Of the unbroken waters, the rich air,
Faint with aroma which its winnowing wing
Shakes from the island bowers, the monotone —
Soft as the harpings of a houri's lyre —
With which the sea in music pays the wind
For its light dalliance, with their blended spell,
Lull e'en the senses of the soulless brute.
Lo! where the mighty sluggard sleeping lies,
Nor signal gives of life; save when on high

From either nostril, with explosive shock,
He jets a foamy fountain, which the beams
Dye with prismatic glories, as it falls!

The nautilus uplifts its living sail
Dreadless beside the tranced leviathan,
Coasts his huge sides, and rounds his massive jaws,
And tacking, voyages scathless on its way.
The swift benita, and the silvery gar,
The gorgeous dolphin, which expiring, mocks
Its native sunsets with yet prouder hues,
And thousand forms, as of inwoven beams,
Through the translucent billows light'ning,
Enrich their azure as with royal gems.
While overhead, the lordly tropic bird,
With sunlight streaming from her lustrous plumes,
Beats, with slow waving wings, the sultry air.

Beauty, of solitude and nature born,
Here reigns supreme. Green islands crowned with palms,
(Insular Edens, where the froth-fringed waves
Melt on eternal verdure,) loom afar,
Like emeralds studding the horizon's ring:
The ocean is a wilderness of light —
A waste of rolling silver. All unflecked,
Save where some reef of coral jutting forth,
Frets into foam its bright monotony.

This is the fair Pacific — this the clime
Which softens e'en the rugged mariner,
Till in voluptuous ease, his toils forgot,
Stretched in the shadow of the banyan grove,
He lisps of love — a Hercules subdued.

And now 'tis noon — noon in that dreamy clime;
The spirit of enervate luxury,
Which makes its every breeze an anodyne,
Hath breathed upon the mammoth of the deep.
The charm is broken! To spasmodic life
The giant wakens. Now aloft he springs,
With leap unwieldy, and the smitten deep
Recoils in thunder from his ponderous plunge!
Now through a storm of spray, while far behind
Boils the lashed ocean in his ample wake,
Behold him surging. But what foe pursues?
A deadly one, nor comes he weaponless:
The warrior sword-fish, champion of the sea!
To the fierce charge of whose unsplintering lance
Even the thrice-planked war-ship's plated keel
Enribbed with gnarled oak, is vulnerable.

The fight is over: the leviathan —
Not often thus victorious — has prevailed:
Dead on the surface floats his enemy,
Slain by a single buffet: but alas!
More subtle man, with keener weapons armed,
Comes to assail the hapless conqueror.
Yon trim-built ship, which, seen an hour ago,
Had seemed a grey gull's wing, or hovering cloud,
Brings in her rounded sails a gallant breeze:
Thick flies the spray-shower from her singing prow,
Drenching the crew, who, clustering in the shrouds,
With eager glances eye the expected prize.

Scarce half a league off, on her starboard bow,
Easks the unconscious brute. With topsail backed,

And all her canvass shaking in the wind,
Poised between two opposing impulses,
A moment quivering hangs the graceful barque,
Then, like some sea-bird, that has smoothed its plumes,
Settles in quiet beauty on the deep.

A boat is lowered — 't is manned ; with oars apeak,
Waiting the signal, sit its sturdy crew :
'Let fall! — away!' — the smooth blades sheer the wave,
The light craft, trembling, surges from the stroke :
She lifts! she flies! and flying, gathers speed,
Till the quick flutter of the gleaming oars
Seems like the wavering of golden wings,
And she less poised on ocean than in air.

She nears the victim. Watchful in the bow,
His foot well braced, and in his hand upraised,
A barb'd dart poised, the harpooner stands.
Inert and motionless the monster lies :
The boat rounds to beside his cumbrous bulk ;
The missile, by a stalwart arm impelled,
Cleaves to the shaft, and smokes the rasping line,
As with impetuous haste the stricken thrall
Bores downward far into the searchless main :
The buoyant boat a moment dips her bow,
As if to follow that terrific plunge ;
But ere the insidious vortex draws her down,
Recoils, and dances on its eddying whirl.

Panting for air, once more behold emerge
Ocean's still strong though wounded denizen.
Another dart is planted, and away,
Cleaving the billows like a thunderbolt,
With the boat tossing on his seething trail,
Rushes the tethered giant — but in vain.
The iron rankles — agony and toil
Combined, have paralyzed his energies ;
His strong thews yield, he falters in the race,
And the frail skiff that late, with bows submerged,
Scarce stemmed the breakers in his stormy track,
Now swiftly warped along the slackened line,
Glides to the final onset.

Why prolong
The history of torture? Lance on lance,
With murderous thrust, sinks in his ample side,
Till, rousing in the mortal agony,
He fights the last mad battle of despair.
The boiling ocean many a rood around
Is with the vital stream incarnadine,
As, spouting gore, and in his final throes,
Blinding his captors with the crimson spray,
Serried with spears, terrific to the last,
Mid wild huzzas, his mighty life gives way.

Years have gone by — I was a stripling then —
Since I beheld and mingled in the scene
Which fancy pictures better than describes.
Yet seemed it acting, as this shrivelled mass
I musingly surveyed. And thus the past
Oft seems the living present for awhile,
As some old trophy of our sports or toils
Becomes the talisman of memory.

J. B.

PATRIOTISM.

'From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
 The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
 Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
 It is a dropsied honor: good alone
 Is good, without a name: vileness is so;
 The property by which it is should go,
 Not by the title.'

SHAKESPEARE.

OUR ideal of the patriot is a very exalted character. When a great man dies, and he is called a patriot, we gather about him all the virtues, and esteem him a kind of god among other men. We think of him as gentle and merciful, generous and devoted; as having lived for great ends, and as having been endowed with enlarged powers of understanding. In person, we imagine him tall and venerable; his head covered with hoary hair; his port erect and dignified; a placid benignity reigns in his countenance; a winning grace and ease appear in all his movements. Nothing disturbs the calm thoughtfulness of his demeanor; and his eyes seem to be looking far around him, beyond all other's gaze, as if taking in the knowledge of that Future which the Present is forever sealing for Eternity.

To be styled a patriot, is a rare honor. Few men are permitted to enjoy this embalming. Patriots live in stormy times, and seem to be born either to save, or dignify the downfall of a government. What sublimer spectacle can be pointed out in the annals of history, than the self-immolation of the Roman senate, at the irruption of the Gauls into their city? All brave means had been tried, and they fell, '*in fortune pristinae honorumque aut virtutis insignibus, vestiti*,' seated in their ivory chairs, each one a throne, clothed in their robes of state, adorned with the badges of honorable deeds, they awaited their fate with unshrinking fortitude. Their beards swept their breasts, and majesty sat upon their brows. In them Rome perished; and when the impious Gaul plucked one of them by the beard, an indignity was offered, which could not be atoned for by the death of the barbarian. Contention would have been disgrace: they themselves atoned for all indignities, and consecrated the ruin of their country by the devotion of their sacrifice. What pillaging of temples, what mutilating of shrines, what desecrating of altars, can compare with this sacrilege toward men '*simillimos Dei*!' Had these men lived in our age, they would have been the Otises, the Adamsses, the Warrens of the revolution.

Patriots are those who set a high example of those virtues which are most needed for their age. Hence the different hues this character wears at different times. When governments were supported by arms, and war was the business of nations — when conquest of territory was the great object of kings — courage, martial prowess, was glory. The ready sacrifice of life for the public good was sung as the highest praise. 'It is good for a brave man to die fighting for

his country, and falling in the front of the battle.' Incited by their poets, urged by the example of their fathers and the lessons of their mothers, death on the battle-field was embraced as a privilege. Decius, arrayed in his pontifical robes, rode into the midst of the enemy, and fell, fighting, a sacrifice for his country. The tide of battle was turned in favor of the Roman arms. This was esteemed an offering to the gods, and like prayer, the offering begat the blessing. The act was a patriotic one — why call it a superstition? Brutus 'slew his best lover for the good of Rome.' This act would honor any time. Could it have been done by judge and jury, no doubt he would have preferred it. Where is the patriotism now that yields the private friend to Rome?

The rude soldiery of the early republics required such instances of devotedness, as examples, to keep alive in their bosoms a martial spirit — and the necessity was answered. History is full of these remarkable deeds, giving to the patriotism of the ancients the appearance of an impulse, rather than of a principle, of a passionate love, rather than of a holy regard. But to love one's country dearly, is the first step to loving the world well; and as the heathen worship of false gods is the beginning of religion, so this blind and headlong passion for country is the beginning of a universal philanthropy. The Indian never took this first step, and makes no approaches to the second. He has no country. He loves the scalps of his enemies, and his glory is successful revenge. He has no country but the burial-place of his fathers; he has no works of art, no ponderous trophies, to bind him to the soil. Wherever the forests wave and the wild-deer roams; wherever is the canopy of heaven and the guidance of the stars, there is the Indian's country; and however he may respect the graves of his kindred, as he should, he shoulders his gun and whistles his dog, in search of a new home, he solaces himself with the thought, that the departed are pursuing the chase in the hunting-grounds of the 'sweet south-west,' and enjoying an elysium of bliss in the land of the Great Spirit.

But the modern patriot is the philanthropist; he feels that no permanent good can be produced for the soil of his nativity, which will not benefit mankind at large. He looks beyond the narrow circle of his own advantage, to the large brotherhood of nations, and sees the bearing of every political and moral act — for moralists are the best patriots — upon the long chain of government around the globe.

It is this enlarged regard, that renders the patriot now infinitely superior in fact, though less remarkable in individual acts, to the patriot of the old world, who looked upon his country as the limit of his benevolence, and upon the human race, without his territory, as his natural enemies.

It is when judged by this standard, that Bonaparte sinks in the scale of greatness, and that Washington rises far above all. For whatever advantages may have resulted to Europe from the wars of Bonaparte — from the breaking up of time-honored abuses — from the overturning of thrones that had become incrustated and firm in the very miseries of the human race — we must view them as the acci-

dental results of his ambition, rather than the design of his conduct.* He was like the river that, swollen by the mountain streams, overflows its banks, and bears desolation in its progress, but which fattens the soil it desolates, covering the rocks with verdure, and making the barren fields glad in an unwonted harvest.

We must not be misled by the showy deeds and splendid achievements of a confined and circumscribed devotion. Let us not measure our love, nor regulate our actions, by models that are only admirable when viewed in connection with the time at which they occurred, and with the people of an illiterate generation. Perhaps it is the study of ancient literature that introduces such false ideas into our minds, of what we owe ourselves, in contradistinction to the world; that arrays us so hastily in warlike trim against any that step upon our toes; that for lack of some opportunity, like the straits of Thermopylæ, of chivalric daring, marshals state against state, and section against section, and anon 'talks of guns, and drums, and wounds.'

We beg to bear the testimony of our admiration to that love of country which is confined to the spot where *I* was born. We honor that enlargement of mind which thinks *our* town the best town that ever was, and *my* father's sheep the best sheep ever sheared. We have a deep sympathy with the man who, in thinking of his country, dwells chiefly on his own state; and, in thinking of his own state, confines his interest to his own town. Such a man will, very probably, in thinking of his own town, have his own house in his mind's eye, and in considering his own house, circumscribe, and finally settle gracefully into a sublime conception of himself. Ye shades of plain farmers, who are almost forgotten by name, but who flled the first for liberty, look down and pity our infirmities! Not one of you bore so euphonious a name as Leonidas, for it was not anticipated at your christening that you were to make so conspicuous a figure in history. But you fought not for fame; so it matters not if you be called Timothy, or Nathaniel, or Nehemiah. There was a man once, called Peter, who was a good patriot, for he descended from a throne to learn a trade or trades, that he might civilize his country; and they called him Peter the Great, everafter: and we herewith dub you great, in spite of your names — as great as Leonidas. O, Timothy the Great, Nathaniel the Great, Nehemiah the Great, look down and pity our infirmities!

It certainly is very honorable for dairy-women to vie in cheeses. It is praiseworthy, to make very large and good cheeses, and to stamp the name of the town where they were made upon them. Nay, more; it is well for a town to boast of its cheeses, and its fat cattle; and we love to see the hat of a man a little on one side of his head, as he keeps the flies off the prize ox at a cattle-show. A little weak

* Bonaparte certainly struck a strong blow for human liberty, in his contempt of the Pope. Religious freedom is the foundation of political freedom. The pilgrims sowed the seeds of the American revolution unwittingly. They taught their children, that they might read and understand the Bible; and they, from the plain gospel, learnt their birth-right — Liberty. An established church and creed is to men's souls what an established throne is to their bodies.

ostentation becomes the occasion very well. But when you come to bragging about New-York, or New-England, in indiscriminate praise of the one and condemnation of the other; or when non-slave-holding states get to damning slave-holding states up and down; and *vice versa*, forgetting all their pristine glory in a common cause, for themselves and mankind, we begin to speculate upon patriotism, and to wonder what Washington thinks, and what he says, to the old soldiers in heaven with him.

If every man were a *true* patriot, the millennium would have already arrived; for the true patriot will neither injure his own country nor any other, because he knows that every wrong will react upon himself. Wars then would be done away, which have been the great drawbacks upon the civilization of the globe, by interrupting the pursuit of those peaceful occupations which lead men, step by step, to knowledge, and so on to virtue.

The standing armies of Europe are a moral curse to the world. They foster in the community a set of men who live upon excitement; who have almost nothing at stake, in common with the rest of the inhabitants; who feel little interest in the moral movements of the time, but who rejoice in war and dissension, as the steps to promotion. With all honorable exceptions, enough has happened to prove that a soldier's life is a dangerous one for the morals — a poor school in which to prepare a man for the discharge of quiet duties, and for the performance of those every-day pursuits which are carrying the world along in the way to perfection. Soldiers, then, are not the only nor the necessary patriots of a country. Every man who does well in his profession, is a patriot. To make shoes is, as honorable as to cut throats. All men, whatever their occupation, who regard the interests of their country, are patriots. 'To be a man, is greater than to be a king,' and occupation cannot take away this birth-right. The poor man, who toils hard that he may educate his children, and the poor widow, who does mean offices that she may get money to clothe her fatherless little ones, and make them tidy enough to go to the district-school, are patriots — both he and she.

The men who fought for liberty, and gained it, possessed no new powers. They but exerted energies that had slumbered in the human mind for ages. And it is a set of cant phrases, and meaningless forms, that cause man to put himself low, not in humility, for he is wicked and grasping in his rags, but in an habitual and inherited abasement, before certain accidental circumstances of life, different from, but not morally better, than his own.

May every *American*, at least, whether a leader of armies, or a private soldier — whether a senator, or a door-keeper — whether an owner of the soil, or a breaker of the glebe — whether rich or poor, feel himself a patriot! No splendid train of events are necessary to give him this title; no extensive butcheries of his kind are requisite to form this character. He may gain it in the honest discharge of his social duty, by keeping aloof from the vortex of party, and bearing his testimony, by the light God has shed abroad in his heart, to what he thinks to be right and expedient for his country.

J. N. B.

Cambridge, (Mass.) 1837.

THE WRECK OF THE MEXICO.

I.

'T was in the morning watch — a cheerless morn —
 Keen smote the blast which heralded the day,
 When a stout bark, her crew with hardship worn,
 Dashed toward her port, with none to point the way;
 Clear streamed aloft her lantern's signal ray,
 But brought, alas! no pilot's friendly hail;
 The frequent gust a shower of frozen spray
 Swept from the shrouds, encased in icy mail,
 And scarce the shivering tars could raise the stiffened sail.

II.

The humble inmates of the crowded berths,
 The richer few, who costlier couches prest,
 Perchance were dreaming of the cheerful hearths
 Where, soon, they hoped for welcome and for rest —
 Perchance of home, and those who made it blest:
 Long had they seen, with weary eye, the sun
 Sink day by day into the landless west,
 But now the boon they coveted was won,
 The shore they sought was near, their travail well nigh done.

III.

The matron murmured softly, in her sleep,
 Of prosperous days, and clasped her infant boy;
 The maiden dreamed of one who o'er the deep
 Went to seek *her* a home, and in her joy
 Hung round his neck, too happy to be coy;
 The husband deemed his toil with riches crowned,
 Which titled power could tithe not, nor destroy:
 Aërial Hope all eyelids fluttered round,
 And beckoned with her wings to Freedom's hallowed ground.

IV.

From such blest dreams, if such were theirs, they woke
 To all that thought can picture of despair;
 High o'er the bark the insatiate ocean broke,
 And death was in the paralyzing air;
 Oh! when the remnant mercy deigned to spare,
 Safe from the bulging wreck were seen to glide,
 What were the pangs of those left helpless there!
 With tossing arms, they thronged the vessel's side,
 Shrieking to heaven for aid, while howling seas replied!

V.

They perished, one by one, that pilgrim crowd —
 The silver-haired, the beautiful, the young!
 Some were found wrapt as in a crystal shroud
 Of waves congealed, that tombed them where they clung;
 Some on the strand the sounding breakers flung,
 Linked in affection's agonized embrace;
 And to the gazer's eyes the warm tears sprung,
 As they beheld two babes — a group of grace —
 Locked in each other's arms, and pillowed face to face!

VI.

They rest in earth — the sea's recovered prey —
 No tempests now their dreamless sleep assail,
 But when to friends and kindred far away,
 Some quivering lip shall tell the dismal tale,
 From many a home will burst the voice of wail;
 But when it ceases, and the tear-drop laves
 The cheek no more, shall gratitude prevail —
 Yearnings of love toward those beyond the waves,
 Who bore with solemn rites, the exiles to their graves.

New-York, January, 1837.

PEDOLOGY.

In surveying the vast field of recent discovery in science and art, it appears as if the human intellect, torpid for ages, had suddenly been aroused from its lethargic slumbers, and, to compensate for lost time, had in a few years accomplished the work of ages. What has the past effected, compared with the present? What remains for the future to accomplish? What field remains untrodden? What secret recess of nature is unexplored?

Mind, aided by science, has passed through immeasurable regions of space, and, placed on creation's utmost verge, has witnessed how worlds are made by the conglomeration of strata of elastic ether;* on the other hand, it has descended through the long series of animal life, seen the living monad stretching itself, and developing, by its own impulses, new organs, through successive ages, until it has finally made itself man.† Wonderful age! †Astonishing discoveries!

I too am a discoverer. I have done something,

——— 'to be for ever known,
And make the coming age my own.'

Any one at all acquainted with the present state of physiological and psychological science, must be aware that the long-vexed question of the nature of mind, and its relation to matter, has been solved. That it is now admitted by all liberal and truly scientific philosophers, that mind springs from, and is altogether dependant upon, the physical organization of the body; that as organization varies in races and individuals, so must that which results from it: the mental and moral faculties and feelings also vary.

Hitherto, the shape and size of the brain, as seen through the skull, have been thought to determine the intellectual and moral character of the race and individual. I am satisfied that this is an error. The different opinions formed by phrenologists from the same skull, and the little agreement found existing between their judgments and the real character, long since convinced me that we must look to some other organ to determine this question. THE HEEL, in my opinion, is that organ. This, in the language of the patent office, I claim as my discovery.

I will enumerate some of the facts and reasonings on which my opinion is founded.

It is generally admitted, that the negro is inferior to the white race.‡ This inferiority must be dependant on their organization; and in no point is the physical difference between the two races more marked, than in the size and shape of the heel.

It is also well known, that the more ignorant and brutal part of our race go bare-footed. This mode of life, no doubt, by constantly exercising this organ, gives it an undue development and expansion, and causes that peculiar character which belongs to them. So

* See paper on the Nebular Hypothesis, in London Review.

† See LAMACK's Natural History.

‡ See Governor M'DUFFIE's Message.

well is this known in domestic life, that few families of respectability will employ bare-footed servants.

The confinement and compression of the heel by a shoe, diminish its size; and so we find from history, that no people have made much progress in civilization, until they adopted the use of sandals or shoes.

Comparative anatomy also illustrates the truths of the doctrine. The ferocious and quarrelsome temper of the game-cock is owing entirely to the length of its spur, which is a variety of the heel. In the dung-hill fowl, which is a more civilized and peaceable animal, the size of the heel is much reduced. I am now engaged in a course of experiments on these and other animals, which at some future time I shall submit to the scientific world. Let it suffice for the present to say, that these experiments conclusively prove the correctness of my theory.

Words often illustrate the prevailing mode of thinking among a people. The employment of the word *understanding*, as synonymous with *mind*, clearly shows the connexion existing in popular opinion between the mind and the under part of the foot. The full force of this remark can only be felt by those persons who know the truth of popular observation and experience, as set forth in proverbs and short phrases.

In the fable of Thetis, dipping her son in the river Styx, and so rendering him invulnerable in all parts save the heel, Homer has dimly shadowed forth this great doctrine, which he doubtless received from those masters of ancient wisdom, the Egyptian priests. What does this fable, properly interpreted, teach, but that Achilles could not be injured by his foes; save through his affections, which are here typified by the name of their seat, the heel? Does not the catastrophe prove my interpretation to be correct? Achilles falls, the victim of love.

I have, in a concise manner, set forth a few of the many facts and arguments on which the new science of *Pedology* rests. The discovery is new. I cannot expect it will be embraced at once, by those who are called the scientific. It will probably be for a time laughed at — then examined — and finally, believed. I shall be ridiculed as a dreamer; abused as a materialist; lauded as the great benefactor to the human race. I feel confident such will be the fate of my discovery — such the treatment of the Columbus of the moral world. Calm in conscious knowledge, I feel no uneasiness for myself nor my science. The leading principle is true. Modifications and improvements may be introduced; and I would here recommend to such persons as are desirous of pursuing the science, to examine closely the angles, prominences, and depressions, that may appear on the organ, in different individuals; for I am well assured that the modifications of character depend very much on these minute points. Intellect is marked by the length of the organ; the moral affections by the breadth, or in other words, the highest intellectual faculties accompany the shortest heel — the purest moral feelings the narrowest.

M. H.

THE ARMY OF THE CROSS.

It must have been a goodly sight,
 And one which to behold,
 Would stir the sternest spirit's depths,
 Those armed bands of old !
 The glittering panoply of proof,
 The helmet and the shield,
 The spear and pond'rous battle-axe,
 Which only they could wield !

The knightly daring, high resolve,
 Engraven on each brow,
 The manly form of iron mould,
 Methinks I see them now !
 As fresh and vividly they rise,
 To bid the bosom glow,
 As when they burst upon the eye,
 A thousand years ago !

And 'neath that burning Syrian sun,
 Far as the eye can measure,
 Prepar'd to pour like water forth
 Their life-blood and their treasure,
 Those banded legions pressing on,
 The red-cross banner flying ;
 Ten thousand seek, beneath that sign,
 The glorious meed of dying !

Oh ! holy, pure, and heart-felt Zeal,
 Misguided though thou be,
 There still is something heavenly-bright,
 And beautiful in thee !
 And He who judges not as man,
 'Tis his alone to try thee,
 And thou wilt meet that grace from Him,
 Thy brother would deny thee !

God speed thee on thine enterprise,
 Lord of the lion-heart !
 Go, 'mid the 'rapture of the strife'
 Enact thy princely part ;
 Do battle with the Infidel,
 Lay low his haughty brow,
 And plant the standard of the cross
 Where waves the crescent now !

The blood of the Plantaganet
 Is bounding in thy veins,
 The heart of the Plantaganet
 Within thy bosom reigns ;
 And deeds that breathe of future fame,
 And deathless meed assign,
 Desires, not conquest *e'en* can tame,
 And beauty's smile are thine !

The story of thy knightly faith,
 As ages roll along,
 Shall lighten o'er the poet's page,
 And wake the minstrel's song ;
 Ay, to the tale of high enterprise,
 The daring deed and bold,
 The spirit wakes as wildly now
 As in those days of old !

REBECCA.

LITERARY NOTICES.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: Number Ninety-Four — for January, 1837. Boston: OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY. New-York: G. AND C. CARVILL.

Our learned brother of the *North American* has managed to lose his temper, and along with it, of course, a large portion of his wonted blandness and amenity. This ought never to be. A quarrel between two critics must afford rare sport to those poor fellows whom they have each, at sundry times, made the subjects of flagellation, and must appear to them very much in the light of retributive justice. Beside, it is very bad policy to get angry while conducting a discussion. An uncharitable world will begin to suspect that you find yourself on the wrong side of the argument, and that, like other doughty champions, similarly situated, you have recourse to calling names, because you feel that you are fairly conquered. We thought the article on Glass's *Life of Washington* a very flimsy concern, and remember distinctly that, as we travelled through it, the idea of 'unscrupulousness,' and 'shamelessness,' and a great many other '—nesses,' came frequently into our head; but gentlemanly courtesy, a personage, by-the-by, very seldom seen in some halls of criticism, was ever at our elbow, and kept continually whispering in our ear, 'Do not let feeling get the better of politeness.'

We have given great offence, it seems, by presuming to criticise a critic. You may belabor a poor unprotected author in any way you please. It is part of his destiny, and he is bound to submit. But wo betide the luckless wight who ventures to raise the mantle of criticism, and to see whether the feet of the modern Aristarchus be of clay or of brass! Such 'unscrupulous' and 'shameless' audacity must be instantly repressed. How sorry we are that this has been *our* fate! Let it be a warning to others. '*Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos.*'

It seems we were wrong in ascribing the article on Glass's work to a 'young' gentleman. It turns out to have been the production of an 'elderly' one. We regret this exceedingly, as there is therefore but little chance of amendment, elderly gentlemen being so extremely stubborn in defending errors of scholarship, and entertaining, withal, so sovereign a contempt for the rules and regulations of their grammatical horn-book. It seems, too, that we were altogether wrong in supposing the review not complimentary, since the critic assures us that it was in reality a very friendly one. Some people, in this good world of ours, have rather a strange way, it appears to us, of showing their friendship. They carp and find fault, and raise all manner of petty objections, and when you complain, insist upon it that they have given you the truest proofs of attachment. If, as the reviewer observes, Glass is often happy 'in the choice of words and phrases,' and if 'terseness and strength' are found in his work, was not the critic bound to specify some parts of the volume where these cha-

racteristics appear, and to select one or two passages, (he need not have gone far to find them,) which would have placed Glass's Latinity in a favorable light before the readers of the North-American? Is the course which he has pursued an honest and fair one? He charges us with 'shamelessness;' may we not fling back at him, in return, the charge of 'faithlessness' to his trust? The truth is, Glass should have been born in New-England, and his Latin style would then have appeared very similar to Ruhnken's.

Our denial that Luceius was a 'voluminous' writer, is attempted to be met by a reference to one of the letters of Cicero. We request any scholar to read that letter, and then answer us two plain questions first, whether it is at all likely that the reviewer has ever seen the epistle which he quotes; and secondly, whether, if he has actually seen it, he has been able to understand its meaning. The point in controversy, be it remembered, is not whether Luceius was simply a writer, but whether it can be shown that he was a 'voluminous' one. If we might hazard a conjecture as to the motive which induced the reviewer to name Luceius at all, in his original article, it would be because, to borrow the language of the critic himself, the name of this writer is 'less generally known.' We can easily imagine how some of his immediate neighbors must have stared, when they saw this comparatively strange name make its appearance in print, and what a high opinion they must straightway have entertained of the extent and profundity of the critic's reading. It was a lucky hit on his part, and showed an admirable acquaintance with the art of concocting a review.

But we have not yet done with Luceius. Our critic treats us to a very clever piece of logic on this all-important subject. We remarked incidentally, in our October article, that no writings whatever of Luceius were now extant, meaning of course, no works, or fragments of works. What says our friend the reviewer to this? Why, he shows that there is still *a letter* remaining, which Luceius wrote to Cicero! At this rate, what a literary age we must live in, and what 'voluminous' writers our heads of department must be! In after ages, should the works of that 'voluminous' writer, Mr. Mahlon Dickerson, have disappeared from the horizon of letters, how consolatory will it prove to some future student, if he have the good fortune to rescue from oblivion one of the epistles of the Secretary respecting the South-Sea expedition! Or if the torrent of barbarism shall hereafter sweep over our beloved country, and carry with it all the proud landmarks of our learning and civilization, destroying, among other national monuments, the North-American Review, what delight will it afford to the antiquarian of the fiftieth century to discover some portion of the 'writings' of our friend the critic, in the shape of 'a letter' to his printer: 'Send me the proof-sheet by nine o'clock in the morning. Yours, in haste.'

Our learned brother scolds us for a new reading which we introduced. Among other sage remarks, in the article on Glass's work, the reviewer observed, that if we still possessed the lost works of various writers, whose names he gives in what he calls 'a long catalogue,' no doubt the vocabulary of the Latin language and its compass of expression 'would be enlarged!' There can be very little doubt on that head, we should think. In order to render this very profound truism a little more piquant, we ventured to insert the word 'greatly' before the word 'enlarged,' but our interpolation has been rejected with great indignation, and all the thanks we get for our kindness, is to be accused of an attempt to deceive! This is certainly the unkindest cut of all.

Next comes the old story about the lost plays of Plautus and Terence. The critic tells us that, after allowing one play to be lost, (we suggest that this play be called, for the time to come, '*Vocabularia*,' instead of '*Vidularia*,) we might have added that

parts of others are likewise lost. So we might, if our reading had been as limited as the reviewer's. He also tells us that we might have consulted Professor Anthon on the subject. This too we might have done, but we should have had to wait, we apprehend, until the coming of the Greek calends, before the Professor would have numbered our brother of the North-American among the 'learned and intelligent critics' to whom he is said to refer.

The reviewer remarks, that Glass's mistakes in Latinising proper names are of frequent occurrence, whereas in the authors whom we mentioned, they appear so seldom as 'to prove them to be mere negligences.' We suspect our brother's acquaintance with these same authors has itself been 'so seldom' cultivated, as to prove that he was rather 'negligent' when he made this remark. We are charged, in the next place, with unskilfulness in verbal and grammatical criticism. If our friend the critic is to be regarded as a model of skilfulness in this department, we very readily plead guilty to the charge. The broad fields of scholarship could never support the intense effulgence of two such suns. One of us must, as a matter of safety, submit to an eclipse.

Our friend still remains unconvinced about the luckless word *velitatio*. According to him, the term in question is only employed in translations from the Greek into Latin, because 'verbal exactness,' not 'purity,' is aimed at. It happens, unluckily for his argument, however, that *velitatio*, and the other phraseology which he deems so superior to it, are both used indiscriminately in such translations, as he may satisfy himself, by referring to Schweighauser's version of Polybius. So much for his profound acquaintance with verbal and grammatical criticism.

But what shall we say to his remarks on our suggestion about the reciprocal pronoun? We have been charged with unscrupulousness and shamelessness in our notice of his critical labors; we should be sorry to be compelled to speak with similar plainness of his own movements. The 'vocabulary' of the English language, and 'its compass of expression,' would have, in that event, to undergo considerable enlargement, before we could convey, in suitable terms, our opinion of his fairness. He objected to the use of *recipio* without the reciprocal pronoun, and on our suggesting that Glass had employed the verb with an ellipsis of the pronoun, he quotes in reply a garbled piece of Latin, and asks, 'in the name of all that is Latin,' what this can possibly mean? It can only mean one thing, that the critic was himself guilty of 'deplorable shamelessness,' when he allowed such a sentence to come from his pen.

A word more about the motto, or quotation, on the title-page, and we have done. It used to be the fashion among critics to read the title-pages of the works on which they undertook to sit in judgment. That day seems to have gone by. No one who casts his eye but for a moment on this part of Glass's work, will fail to have his attention drawn to the alleged fragment from Cicero. And no one, on reading that fragment, will fail to be struck, either by the singularity of the supposed prophecy, or the boldness of the deception. Will it be believed that our critic passed over this quotation without even noticing it? We think the supposition altogether unlikely; and although he maintained a profound silence respecting it, this is rather to be regarded as an indication, not of his never having beheld the quotation, but of his prudence and caution as a critic.

In conclusion, we agree with our learned brother that some censors ought to be more 'self-denying' in the use of the pen; and that it is 'an unsafe instrument in some hands,' especially when modern Latinity is the theme.

A LETTER FROM DR. DAVID M. REESE, to A. BRIGHAM, M. D., author of 'The Influence of Religion upon the Health and Physical Condition of Mankind.' New-York: HOWE AND BATES.

THE searching but temperate Letter of Dr. BRIGHAM, noticed in the last number of this Magazine, and the strong current of reprehension setting against the individual whose gross misrepresentations it exposed, are the immediate causes of the 'Letter' before us. This production, written in 'hot haste,' so far from answering or explaining the charges made by Dr. Brigham, serves only to convince even the friends of the author, that those charges are undeniable; and the gentleman to whom it is addressed, well convinced of the tendency of the writer's missile to betray the weakness of his cause, has publicly called attention to it, as ample evidence of the correctness of the statements which induced it, and as utterly unworthy of reply at his hands. This result of a proper self-respect on the part of Dr. Brigham must not, however, prevent our doing justice to his antagonist, by a still farther exposition of the manner in which his controversial laurels are gained. It must be a pleasing circumstance, we cannot help thinking, in the eyes of this quarrelous disputant, that those journals which praised his work, without having read the volume upon which it was professedly based, have, since the publication of Dr. Brigham's Letter, retracted their laud — pronouncing it undeserved, and at the same time denouncing the Letter under notice as unsatisfactory in argument, and in its style wholly unworthy a member of a liberal profession. We remark, too, that individuals of eminence, whose hurried approbation had been yielded to the solicitations of an inordinate vanity, have complained of the violation of private correspondence, which, so far as they were concerned, had its origin in mere common courtesy.

In the 'Letter' under notice, Dr. Reese throws himself upon his Christian character; and instead of appealing to his conduct to show the validity of his claim to such a reputation, he desires it to shield him from the unanswerable charge of evil-doing. He renews his accusations of 'infidelity,' etc., and endeavors to sustain them by garbled extracts from Dr. Brigham's work — by quotations which have no relevancy to the subject — and by representing what the author said against the *abuse* of certain things, as applicable to the *things themselves*. We quote one of many similar examples: 'Doctor Brigham,' says he, 'objects to Sunday-schools, as being the cause of disease and death' — 'reprobates and denounces Sunday-schools,' etc. This is untrue: on the contrary, Dr. Brigham had said, that he considered Sunday-schools, in large towns, among the best institutions ever devised, and hoped that increased efforts would be made to have children, who could not attend school on other days, attend those on the Sabbath. Still, he believed that children who attended school all the other days in the week, might rest from study on the Sabbath. Yet out of this reservation, Dr. Reese labors to induce his readers to believe that Dr. Brigham had denounced Sunday-schools as the cause of disease and death!

Dr. Reese's contradictions of himself are so numerous and palpable, that we fear excitement has disordered his mind. For instance, in his Review, and in his present Letter, he condemns Dr. Brigham for saying that the religious sentiment is innate, and that it has led mankind, in times of barbarism, to resort to cruel and bloody religious rites; yet now he says: 'It is an universally received truth, that man, wherever he is found, is a worshipping animal, and that hence adoration in some form is practised by every human being.' Is not this all Dr. Brigham says? Were not the cruel and bloody religious rites of the Druids forms of adoration and worship? He now says he agrees with M. Constant, whom he calls a Christian writer, and others who speak of the religious sentiment, but says no Christian writer ever alleged that it led men to deeds of crime and blood, such as those to which Dr. Brigham alludes. The reader

will perceive, on examination, that Dr. Brigham has taken his definition and account of the religious sentiment from M. Constant, and that in the fourth volume of this writer's great work on Religion, is a long chapter on 'Human Sacrifices,' which contains the same views and facts advanced by Dr. Brigham. The ignorance and errors of our scurrilous critic are thus pointed out, by a very able and very orthodox journal, the '*Connecticut Religious Observer*': 'Dr. Reese confounds the term religion with Christianity. Dr. Brigham is correct in the use of the term religious sentiment, for which he is censured by Dr. Reese. It is used in the same sense by Dr. Rice, of Virginia, when he calls the religious sentiment the electricity of the moral world, which is as pernicious when excited to irregular and violent action, as it is useful when at rest.' Is not this entirely in accordance with what Dr. Brigham said of this sentiment, but which Dr. Reese says no Christian writer ever advanced?

Dr. Brigham had said: 'Mental excitement increased the action of the brain;' a fact stated by innumerable writers, and never disputed, until Dr. Reese, in his Review, said: 'This doctrine is anatomically and physiologically false,' and devoted several pages to denouncing and denying it. Now, after having been shown by Dr. Brigham that all physiologists have stated the same thing, he says: 'The vascular, the organic, the functional action of the brain, are all believed and taught; and no physiologist doubts or denies either.' In his Review he said, the instances adduced by Dr. Brigham, to prove that mental excitement increased the action of the brain, only showed action of the heart. Dr. Brigham replied, that he misunderstood him; that he was not there alluding to the independent or functional action of the brain, but to the vascular, which is caused by the action of the heart, although he used the expression which physiologists do, to designate this action.

Dr. Reese now says, after having admitted every kind of action of the brain ever alluded to by any body, that 'Physiologists have not believed in any action performed by the brain analogous to what Dr. Brigham attributes to it.' What strange work is this? Can Dr. Reese, or any body else, point to any page or sentence in Dr. Brigham's book, where he has alluded to any action of the brain, that does not mean the vascular, organic, or functional action, all of which, he says, physiologists believe? Surely, the man is demented! What kind of action of the brain was it that Dr. Reese said was *wholly false*? Where is this phrase used by Dr. Brigham in any other sense than it is used by all medical men?

Dr. Reese has not even attempted to reply to some of the most serious charges in Dr. Brigham's Letter, which, if not true, he could have refuted in one line. For example: he said in his Review, 'Dr. Brigham not only overlooks, but utterly denies, the influence of religion in preventing insanity.' Dr. Brigham says this is false, and proves it, by quoting from his book passages in which it is mentioned. What says Dr. Reese to this? Nothing! Yet this man throws himself upon his 'Christian profession,' which he says 'he would not dishonor for his right hand!' Again, he said: 'Dr. Brigham broadly intimates that theatre-going is not objectionable, on account of being injurious to the body.' Dr. Brigham replies, that this is directly contrary to the truth, and quotes a passage from his book, in which he expressly says that 'theatre-going is unhealthy.' Dr. Reese makes no reply to this; but if these charges are not true, he could have pointed to the page in Dr. Brigham's book where his own statements are to be found. He has not done so, and for the best of reasons — there is not one word in Dr. Brigham's book to justify his assertions.

Farther, he said: 'Dr. Brigham has given a learned phrenological account of the brain, and placed the religious sentiment on the top of the head.' Dr. Brigham denies this, and says: 'If you have not wholly fabricated these assertions, you can point to the page in my book where they are to be found.' Dr. Reese is dumb! He is 'a pro-

fessed Christian, and would not dishonor his profession for the sake of his right hand !' He makes no attempt to extricate himself from his jumble of nonsense and contradiction, respecting the causes of insanity which were exhibited by Dr. Brigham. He has attempted, however, a reply to a few of the allegations of his opponent, but so far as we can see, he has only confirmed their truth. For example, he says: 'Dr. Brigham charges me with a misquotation on page 42, when every reader of the Review will see I do not profess to quote him at all !' Let the reader turn to the page indicated, of his Review, and he will find the very passage which he says he did not 'profess to quote at all,' enclosed in quotation marks, and followed by his own assertion that the whole passage was 'as nearly as possible in Dr. Brigham's language!' Was it not possible to express it in his exact language? But the reader will notice the evasion. The charge was that of *misrepresentation*; and in reference to this passage, Dr. Brigham said: 'Such a sentiment I never promulgated: you have made it up, by selecting some things which I did say, and omitting others in connexion, by which the meaning is entirely changed.' To this serious charge, our conscientious disputant makes no reply, but evades it, by pretending that the charge was of *misquotation*, when it was of *misrepresentation*—and that it was gross misrepresentation, the reader of the Review and Dr. Brigham's book will readily perceive.

Dr. Reese accused Dr. Brigham of 'denying both the form and the power of religion,' notwithstanding the latter repeatedly referred to the 'divine origin of Christianity,' and its 'sufficiency for man's salvation.' This charge he tries to sustain, because Dr. Brigham quoted a celebrated Christian writer, Aimé-Martin, who said that 'Christ established no ceremonies,' and at the close of his book, asserted that 'mankind are not at *present* under any kind of miraculous dispensation; that God *has* no supernatural dealings with men,' meaning, as is obvious, in the present age. Is this 'denying the form and power of religion?' Does the power and form of Christianity consist in ceremonies, and a belief that miracles are still wrought?

Our controversialist endeavors to prove that Dr. Brigham said that *religion itself* caused insanity, and not the *excitement* attending protracted religious meetings, 'anxious' and camp-meetings, etc. He refers to the grammatical structure of the sentence to prove this charge. Let the reader turn to the sentence, and he will see that Dr. Reese is wrong in his grammar, and by what precedes and follows, that Dr. Brigham was speaking only of excitement from such meetings. He will also find an express declaration that Christianity, in the writer's opinion, had no such effects.

Dr. Brigham, in his Letter, adduced as an instance of 'flagrant *misrepresentation*,' that Dr. Reese, in quoting a passage, 'added the word *ONLY*, so as to make a very objectionable sentiment.' How does Dr. Reese reply to this? He says he 'did not include the word *ONLY* in his quotation marks.' Who said he did? But why, *why* did he *add* it to the sentence he quoted, so as to pervert its meaning, as every reader will see he has done? To this grave charge he makes no reply!

Dr. Reese is farther accused of altering the words of Dr. Brigham. This he readily admits, but, strange indeed, appears to think it a small affair. Let the reader turn to his book, and he will see that he deemed them very important. We mention one example. Dr. Brigham said: 'Insanity *generally* arises from moral causes,' an assertion which he supported by the very highest medical authority. Dr. Reese substituted '*invariably*' and '*uniformly*' for 'generally,' and then, in his peculiar style, or to use his own phraseology, in 'a way he has,' added: 'This statement betrays a recklessness of truth, and contempt for medical authority, which, if his hopeless ignorance of the subject does not palliate, must imply moral delinquency of the most deplorable kind.' To find any ground for this beautiful paragraph, he *misquotes* the words of the work he abuses, as what the writer *did* say, was in conformity to the best authority.

One word as to the *style* of this Letter. It partakes of the coarse bitterness of Cobbett, without any of that writer's strength and spirit. It is beneath criticism. The writer's allusions to his opponent's 'violence' and 'excitement' are laughable enough. Like Sir Anthony Absolute, 'he knows Dr. Brigham is in a passion in his heart, and wonders why he can't keep *cool*, like himself!' Yet no reader of the 'Letter' can fail to perceive, that the deserved and well-directed arrows of his antagonist are rankling in his flesh. Hence his ineffectual struggles at extrication; hence the sarcasm without point, and abuse without justice, which distinguish his retort churlish. We perceive that our honest reviewer is frequently mentioned with the prefix of *Reverend*, in the journals of the day. It is due to him, but still more to the clergy, to state, that he has not incurred the public resentment in this double capacity. This error, hitherto left unexplained by Dr. Reese, possibly for the purpose of enhancing the apparent sanctity of that 'profession which he would not dishonor for his right hand,' we take pleasure in correcting.

In conclusion, we believe that the original attack of our discomfited critic was the united offspring of vanity and intolerance. He had acquired some reputation as a noisy disputant; and, if we are rightly informed, by as palpable dishonesty and misrepresentation as have, in the present instance, been fastened upon him, as with 'goads and nails.' This reputation, such as it was, he has staked and lost. The simple truth is, Dr. Brigham was believed to be a Unitarian in sentiment; and with a spirit of intolerance akin to that which actuated the priests who refused the consolations of religion to Molière, on his death-bed, our critic would have demolished him utterly. Happily, the abused and misrepresented author saw fit to rejoin, and in such wise as at the last to leave his assailant but one consolation in his signal defeat; namely, a consciousness that, as a controversialist, his next move must be *upward* — since it would be difficult, if not impossible, for him to find a 'lower deep,' especially when considered in the light of a *Christian* disputant.

LETTERS TO YOUNG LADIES. By MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY. Third Edition. pp. 259. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

Few topics are so interesting as female education; and perhaps no subject has risen so much in public opinion, during the last twenty-five years. Nevertheless, but little, comparatively, has been written on the theme, during that period. We are glad to find that the chasm which was beginning to be felt in that department of letters, has been so happily filled by our own fair countrywoman, Mrs. Sigourney, who, in the third edition of her *Letters to Young Ladies*, has greatly varied and enlarged her original plan, and enriched it with much valuable new matter. Indeed, it is now virtually a new work, and is well worthy of its subject, and of its accomplished author.

The volume before us treats of the acquisition of knowledge, industry, domestic employments, health and dress, manners and accomplishments, and the culture of the social, moral, and religious duties. Among the most prominent features of the work, are its plain, practical good sense, and its deep tone of religious feeling. It is also rich in poetic imagery, and in classical and historical illustrations.

The object of the volume is, to exalt the standard of female attainments. To promote this object, every motive calculated to impress the daughter, the parent, or the teacher, is eloquently enforced. The sentiment of patriotism is invoked. It is justly remarked, that educated mothers, and wives, and sisters, can do much to consolidate the pillars on which our republic rests. The daughters of America are reminded of

what their country has done for them, and they are eloquently urged to qualify themselves to repay the debt of gratitude.

The style of the author, though buoyant with poetic fervor, is yet remarkable for its simplicity, gracefulness, precision, and strength. It is indeed a fine specimen of style, formed on the true Grecian model. But we proceed to show the justice of our remarks, by one or two extracts from the work.

In speaking of the influence of woman in the various relations of life, and the consequent importance of having her well educated, the author says:

"That the vocation of females is to teach, has been laid down as a position, which it is impossible to controvert. In seminaries, academies, and schools, they possess peculiar facilities for coming in contact with the unfolding and unformed mind. It is true, that only a small proportion are engaged in the departments of public and systematic instruction. Yet the hearing of recitations, and the routine of scholastic discipline, are but parts of education. It is in the domestic sphere, in her own native province, that woman is inevitably a teacher. There she modifies, by her example, her dependants, her companions, every dweller under her own roof. Is not the infant in its cradle her pupil? Does not her smile give the earliest lesson to its soul? Is not her prayer the first messenger for it in the court of heaven? Does she not enshrine her own image in the sanctuary of the young child's mind, so firmly that no revulsion can displace, no idolatry supplant it? Does she not guide the daughter, until placing her hand in that of her husband, she reaches that pedestal, from whence in her turn she imparts to others the stamp and coloring which she has herself received? Might she not, even upon her sons, engrave what they shall take unchanged through all the temptations of time, to the bar of the last judgment? Does not the influence of woman rest upon every member of her household, like the dew upon the tender herb, or the sunbeam silently educating the young flower? or as the shower, and the sleepless stream, cheer and invigorate the proudest tree of the forest?

"Of what unspeakable importance then, is *her* education, who gives lessons before any other instructor — who preoccupies the unwritten page of being — who produces impressions which only death can obliterate — and mingles with the cradle-dream what shall be read in eternity. Well may statesmen and philosophers debate how *she* may be best educated, who is to educate all mankind."

The writer urges home on her fair readers the virtue of industry, and sustains her appeal by invoking the analogies of nature, and showing that the principle of activity is universal throughout the works of the Creator. The following passage is truly beautiful:

"The little rill hastens onward to the broader stream, cheering the flowers on its margin, and singing to the pebbles in their bed. The river rushes to the sea, dispensing on a broader scale, fertility and beauty. Ocean, receiving his thousand tribute-streams, and swelling his ceaseless thunder-hymn, bears to their desired haven those white-winged messengers which promote the comfort and wealth of man, and act as envoys between remotest climes. In the secret bosom of the earth, the little heart of the committed seed quickens, circulation commences, the slender radicles expand, the new-born plant lifts a timid eye to the sunbeam — the blossoms diffuse odor — the grain whitens for the reaper — the tree perfects its fruit. Nature is never idle.

"Lessons of industry come also from insect-teachers, from the winged chymist in the bell of the hyacinth, and the political economist, bearing the kernel of corn to its subterranean magazine. The blind pinnæ spins in the ocean, and the silk-worm in its leaf-carpeted chamber, and the spider, 'taking hold with its hands, is in kings' palaces.' The bird gathers food for itself and for its helpless claimants, with songs of love, or spreading a migratory wing, hangs its slight architecture on the palm-branch of Africa, the wind-swept and scanty foliage of the Orcaes, or the slender, sky-piercing minaret of the Moslem. The domestic animals fill their different spheres, according to the grades of intelligence allotted them. Man, whose endowments are so noble, ought not surely to be surpassed in faithfulness by the inferior creation."

Under the head of 'Sisterly Virtues,' we find the following beautiful tribute to that guardian angel, a principled, affectionate elder sister:

"I have seen one, in the early bloom of youth, and amid the temptations of affluence, so aiding, cheering, and influencing a large circle of brothers and sisters, that the lisping student came to her, to be helped in its lesson — and the wild one from its sports, brought the torn garment, trustingly, to her needle — and the erring one sought her advice or mediation — and the delighted infant stretched its arms to hear her bird-like song — and the cheek of the mother, leaning on so sweet a substitute, forgot to fade.

"I knew another, on whose bosom, the head of a sick brother rested, whose nursing kindness failed not, night or day, from whom the most bitter medicine was submissively

taken, and who, grasping the thin cold hand in hers, when death came, saw the last glance of the sufferer's gratitude divided between her and the mother who bare him.

"I have seen another, when the last remaining parent was taken to God, come forth in her place, the guide and comforter of the orphans. She believed that to her who was now in heaven, the most acceptable mourning would be to follow her injunctions, and to fulfil her unfinished designs. Her motto was the poet's maxim :

'He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.'

As if the glance of that pure, ascended spirit was constantly upon her, she entered into her unfinished labors. To the poor, she was the same messenger of mercy ; she bore the same crosses with a meek and patient mind. But especially to her younger sisters and brothers, she poured out, as it were, the very essence of her being. She cheered their sorrows, she shared and exalted their pleasures, she studied their traits of character, that she might adapt the best methods both to their infirmities and virtues. To the germ of every good disposition, she was a faithful florist — to their waywardness, she opposed a mild firmness, until she prevailed.

"She laid the infant sister on her own pillow, she bore it in her arms, and rejoiced in its growth, and health and beauty. And when it hasted on its tottering feet to her, as to a mother, for it had known no other, the smile on that young brow, and the tear that chastened it, were more radiant than any semblance of joy, which glitters in the halls of fashion. The little ones grew up around her, and blessed her, and God gave her the reward of her labors, in their affection and goodness. Thus she walked day by day, with her eye to her sainted mother, and her heart upheld by the happiness which she diffused — and as I looked upon her, I thought that she was but a 'little lower than the angels.'"

We cordially commend this book to general attention. Our country has reason to be proud of it. Let our country, then, give it its deserved patronage. We regard it as a national work. It should be read and studied by every daughter of our land. The mechanical execution of the volume is neat and appropriate.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON LOCOMOTIVE ENGINES UPON RAILWAYS, with Practicable Tables, etc. By CHEV. F. M. G. DE PAMBOUR. In one volume. New-York: WILEY AND LONG.

ALMOST every one, when under the necessity of investigating some subject of practical science, has experienced the inconvenience of not being able to find, in the books to which he has recourse, an exposition so clear and complete as to leave nothing to be desired. The object of writers seems too often to be, to display knowledge in themselves, rather than to communicate it to others. He who writes not so much to entertain as to inform, ought, in imitation of the ancient orator, to imagine himself in the place of those whom he addresses, and consider how they may best, through his means, come at that knowledge of which they are supposed to be previously destitute. When he undertakes to be a teacher, he is under the common obligations of honesty to convey instruction ; and if, either by a vain parade, or by a narrow jealousy of his own superiority, he withholds any thing necessary to a full comprehension of the theme upon which he treats, he is deceiving, and doing injustice to, his readers.

As a pattern of excellence, among books of the sort to which we allude, may be mentioned the recent work of M. Pambour on Locomotives, which exhibits a striking contrast to those usually seen. This production is really admirable. Concise, yet omitting nothing which could be desired, and arranged in the most natural and intelligible order, it compels one, as he passes from title to title of its well-separated divisions, involuntarily to exclaim, 'How distinct ! how perfect !' In reading any part, does some inquiry arise in the mind, suggested by the information just received, it is at the next step found to have been anticipated and answered by the discerning author. One who had never seen or heard of a steam-engine or rail-car, could not fail, by the help of the work under notice, to understand entirely their construction and mode of operation. That degree of skill which could accomplish this, without a dry and tedious detail, may well lay claim to our applause.

When M. Pambour introduces a mathematical formula, he derives it from the data in a manner the most simple and direct, and it may be embraced at a glance, by one acquainted with the modern methods of mathematical investigation. Others have, in many instances, been satisfied with obtaining the results, without perhaps themselves knowing distinctly how they arrived at them; thereby often severely taxing the patience of those who take them for guides, and who would gladly be saved the trouble of searching for the *rationale* of far-fetched expressions, without which no one can feel safe in using formulæ not verified by repeated experiments, where an error might be productive of injurious and even disastrous consequences.

While M. Pambour has exhausted his subject, he has been drawn into nothing superfluous or uninteresting. The beautiful simplicity, and the disinterested zeal, exhibited by the French scientific writers of the day, should not be without their influence upon our practical men. Following the noble precedent of the writer who has been the subject of these remarks, let them devote some portion of their time in imparting to the public the results of their experience and observation. To do this intelligently, as well as to discharge the duties in which they are already occupied more ably, while they abate not in the least their practical skill, they should be, at the same time, men of science. That some of them are eminently so already, we are well aware; and it gives us pleasure to see a more enlightened public sentiment in the choice made of such men to superintend our most important public works.

BAYLE'S ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON ANATOMY. Translated from the fourth edition of the French. By A. SIDNEY DOANE, A. M., M. D. In one volume 18 mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

'THE chief merits of this treatise,' as expressed in the translator's preface, 'are, great accuracy and conciseness of description, with a happy arrangement of the subject;' and we may add, that it contains more really useful matter, in the same space, and is sold at a much cheaper rate, than any anatomical work with which we are acquainted. Bayle's Anatomy is particularly adapted to the lecture-room and anatomical theatre, beside being valuable as a reference for the practitioner. It is sufficient recommendation to the American profession to say, that this treatise has passed through four editions in Paris, and that it is now translated by Dr. Doane. This is the tenth French work that has received the honor of an English dress from the same hand, seven of which have been issued from the press of Harper and Brothers, and two are yet in the process of publication. In addition to these, Dr. Doane has edited 'Good's Study of Medicine,' to which he has appended many useful notes, and has also contributed liberally to some of the medical periodicals:

The books translated by Dr. Doane are: Meckel's Anatomy, in three volumes, octavo; Blandin's Topographical Anatomy, in one volume, octavo, with a quarto volume of plates; Dupuytren's Lectures on Surgery, one volume, octavo; Scoutetten on Cholera, one volume, octavo; A Table of Arteries of the Human Body, from Chaussier; Maygrier's Midwifery, illustrated with eighty-two plates, in one volume, octavo; A Compilation of Surgery, with two hundred and eighty illustrations, contained in fifty-two plates, one volume, octavo. The works in press are: 'Anatomy Illustrated,' compiled from the works of eminent French writers, and a 'Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Medicine and Surgery,' by L. C. Roche, and L. L. Sanson. Dr. Doane has thus performed a greater amount of labor in medical literature than any man in this country; and in placing the above named books in the hands of the profession, he has not only laid his brethren under weighty obligations to him, but has proved himself a benefactor to his race.

EDITORS' TABLE.

OUR NEW VOLUME.—As we have fairly entered upon a new volume, we would embrace the occasion to say a few words in regard to our Magazine, its prospects of entertainment for the future, and the relative obligations which exist between publishers and subscribers. Firstly, then, we may with confidence declare, that our means of gratifying our readers have never been so ample as they will be in the coming year. We shall not enter into particulars, nor make special promises which it will be impossible for us to fulfil. Those who have followed us in our course to the present moment, will do us the justice to admit, that this is not our mode of operation. We desire to be judged only by what we shall perform; and we ask no farther credit to be given to our general promise, in reference to the coming volumes, than our past exertions may fairly warrant. American writers, of distinguished ability, with many whose talents are not less honorable to our literary character, because they have not hitherto been sought out and developed, have been added to our already large list of contributors; while we shall be enabled to enrich our pages with contributions from writers abroad, whose powers are acknowledged and admired in both hemispheres. We have the promise of continued favors from ROBERT SOUTHBY, whose first donation to American periodical literature appears in the present number; that fine poet of nature, WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, will also gratify the mental appetites of our readers with 'fruit from the golden autumn of his mind;' GALT, of eminent literary memory, will add his aid; Professor O. B. WOLFF, of Germany, widely known by his works, and his contributions to the best English Magazines, will also be of the number; and — But enough. 'For the rest,' as saith the erudite Dogberry, 'let that appear, when there shall be no need of it.' Meantime, we look to be judged by our works.

A candid reference here to the obligations which are believed to exist between the subscribers to this Magazine and its proprietors, will, it is hoped, be received with indulgence. It will require but a moment's reflection to convince the reader of the large expenditure of time, labor, and money, incurred in sustaining a publication like ours. 1st. There are often from thirty to forty ORIGINAL PAPERS, in prose and poetry, prepared expressly for the work by eminent writers; and such services are neither to be expected nor obtained without liberal remuneration. The great difference in the cost of such *matériel*, and a mere reprint of foreign books and periodicals, will be obvious to all. 2d. The paper manufacturers, printers, and binders, fail not regularly to demand that which in justice they ought to receive; and each item forms no inconsiderable amount of the disbursements actually made, in placing before our readers a single number of the work. 3d. Unlike newspaper establishments, Magazines receive little or no income from *advertisements*, which encumber the page in place of valuable reading, while they at the same time serve to defray a large portion of the expense of publication. 4th. American periodicals, devoted to the cause of literature and science, derive no aid from political parties, religious sects, or the various popular associations of the day. It is not fashionable nor customary to make donations to the cause of letters, nor, by organized efforts,

and the appeals of eloquence, to kindle up that enthusiasm and liberality of feeling so necessary to success. Neither do they, like the Drama, present attractions to the eye of Curiosity, by which thousands are frequently lavished upon a favorite actor — perhaps a foreigner — for a single evening's entertainment. There are no 'benefit performances' for the laborer in the literary vineyard; and while the merchant, the mechanic, the lawyer, the physician, promptly receive their just dues, *he* is not unfrequently subjected to a late and grudging reward for the exercise of his talents and industry. 5th. It is well known to some of those who now receive the *KNICKERBOCKER* under what disadvantages the present proprietors commenced their labors. It will be recollected that the first numbers of the work were issued under the most flattering auspices; but by the unprincipled management of Mr. PEABODY, the original proprietor, the public soon became disgusted with the periodical, and its circulation rapidly diminished. Still, it was pretended at the time of the transfer and sale of the establishment, that there were then *one thousand* responsible subscribers; whereas, it was subsequently ascertained that there were in reality not half that number, and that a portion of these had paid in advance for the year 1834, to whom we have supplied the work at our own expense. 6th. Beside being thus defrauded out of a large amount, at the commencement of our connection with the work, and having a good reputation to erect upon so bad a basis, it has been our fate to suffer severely, on *three* occasions, by *fire*, and in neither case were our losses covered by insurance. These circumstances, in addition to the ordinary difficulties of establishing and continuing an ORIGINAL AMERICAN MAGAZINE, will serve to show how incumbent it is upon each of the present readers and friends of the work, cheerfully and promptly to contribute to its support.

The *KNICKERBOCKER* is now firmly established. Its circulation exceeds the most sanguine expectations of its proprietors, and its contributors are among the first writers of our own country and of Europe. Having thus used our utmost endeavors, and been at large expense, for the benefit of our readers, have we not substantial claims upon them for the fulfilment of their obligations? With proper encouragement, American periodicals will soon equal, if, not surpass, those of England. We ask but a faithful compliance, on the part of our readers, with the terms of this Magazine, to be enabled to lay before them a monthly repast not excelled by that of any similar publication in Christendom. With these remarks, we enter upon another volume, with our literary means greatly enhanced, with energies unrelaxed, and spirit undiminished.

INTERNATIONAL COPY-RIGHT LAW. — The advocates of this measure, we are glad to see, have begun to bestir themselves on this subject, not only among the political laity, but with the delegated priesthood of Congress. This is well. We look now to behold the steady advancement and profitable discussion of the matter. There are stores of argument in reserve, that can be produced with wonderful effect, in disquisitions on this question. Facts are plentiful, and they are worth a world of abstract reasoning. Let them be brought forward, in quarters where they will be sure to avail something. We scarcely deem it necessary to discuss the question, farther than it has been discussed by able hands in these pages: it seems to be well understood by the most intelligent and influential among our countrymen; and we hope that the simple statement, (which we can readily substantiate,) that there are authors now in the country — men of genius, who have travelled abroad, and have works in mss. that would be speedily *re-printed* from any copy published in England, and sell with great profit — who cannot dispose of them on any terms — we say we hope this simple statement will place all on the alert who have any pride in, or solicitude for, the success of the national mind. It is well remarked, by an able writer on this subject, in a recent number of *The Plaindealer*: 'It is difficult to understand upon what principle authors are denied a right of property

in the fruit of their intellectual exertions. If a man builds a house, it is his; if a man makes a ship, it is his; on the simple ground that, in either case, the produce is the result of his labor. The fruits of a man's hands are his own: why not then those of his head? Publication is only one of the *uses* to which an author puts his property, and he cannot by that use be understood to mean to part with the possession. If I leave my horse in the highway, that gives you no right to jump on and gallop off with him.' * * 'It may be said, perhaps, in argument against the proposed extension of copy-rights to foreigners, that many works will come dearer to the readers than they now do, as we shall have to pay the author as well as the publisher. No doubt this is true, and it is equally true that thieving is cheaper than labor; and that of all modes of living, the least expensive is that of living on your neighbor.'

PARODIES. — We admire a clever parody, but an indifferent one is our mortal aversion. One of the best we remember to have seen, was penned, if we recollect rightly, by HOOD, upon the 'Burial of Sir John Moore,' and was descriptive of finding and carrying home an inebriate on a window-shutter. One stanza we especially remember:

'We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and his daughter
To give him, next morning, a couple of red
Herrings, with soda-water.'

The subjoined capital parody on 'Jessie the Flower of Dunblane,' was written by a distinguished member of the bar, in the interior of Pennsylvania, in 1829, as a piece of pleasantry, and to please some young ladies who were avowing rather an extravagant admiration of the *sentiment* of the original. It was the work of a few moments, and was not dreamed of as a subject for publication. A friend, however, obtained possession of it, and sent it to the printer of a weekly paper. It was soon copied in the journals of the day, from Maine to Georgia. Some three or four years since, it was published as original in an English magazine, and again re-copied into American newspapers, as of foreign origin. It is admirable as a parody, and simple and beautiful in its German-English, and unaffected sentiment:

KATY, VAT LIVES ON DE PLAIN.

I.

DE sun vas gone down just pehind de plue mountains,
Und left de tark night to come on us again,
Ven I sahtumpled along 'mongst de schwamps und de fountains,
Just to see vonst my Katy, vot lives on de plain.
Sing ou, den, you pird, mit your song for de night,
It's so nice ven de hills sing your song vonst again,
Such joy to my heart und such monstrous delight,
Brings sweet liddel Katy, vat lives on de plain.

II.

How sweet is de lily, mit its prown-yellow blossom,
Und so is de meadow, all covered mit green,
But noding's so sweet, nor yet sticks in my posom,
Like sweet liddel Katy, vat lives on de plain.
She's pashful as any — like her dere's not many;
She's neider high larnt, nor yet foolish nor vain,
Und he's a great villain, mitout any feelin',
Dat would hurt liddel Katy, vat lives on de plain.

III.

My days vere like noding, till I met mit my Katy —
All dem t'ings in de town, dey vere nonsense and pain;
I saw not de girl I would call my tear laty,
Till I met mit my Katy vot lives on de plain.
I don't care how high I might get in de nation,
From all dem high places I'd come town again,
Und dink it was noding to have a great station,
Ven I could n't get Katy, vat lives on de plain.

There is much of quiet, subdued humor in the subjoined parody on MONTGOMERY'S 'Night is the time for Rest,' etc., which we clipped from a late number of a western journal. We regret that we are unable to give credit to the particular print in which it originated :

NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for fun,
When old folks are in bed ;
When day's dark cares are done,
And prayers are duly said ;
To gather round the social fire,
And crack stale jests, that never tire !

Night is the time to fix
Our hearts in union meet :
With skilful hand to mix
The potent and the sweet :
To set our watering mouths agog,
And taste the glories of egg-nogg !

Night is the time to boil
Tiffin's enchanting rolls ;
And o'er the midnight oil,
To cheer our happy souls ;
With fresh made butter thickly spread
On corresponding chunks of bread.

Night is the time to feel
Life's joys without a pain ;
Apples to take, and peel,
And 'cut and come again ;'
And romping much before we rest,
Feel very sure that they 'll digest.

Night is the time for those,
Who, when they take their wine,
By redness of the nose,
Or any other sign,
Give evidence, whence we conclude,
That they're unquestionably 'slew'd !'

Night is the time to pour
In beauty's listening ear
The story, known before,
Nor render'd thus less dear,
Of feeling which the modest light
Of day leaves for the shades of night.

Night is the time to sing,
Beneath the casement high,
Those mellow notes that ring
With love's sweet melody ;
While the bright maiden pokes her head
Out of the casement aforesaid !

Night is the time to do
A thousand glorious things ;
And there are very few,
When cover'd by her wings,
Who do not feel a fresher'd flood
Of mischief brewing in their blood.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE. — The great feature of the month has been the display of Mr. POWER'S peculiar talents in the new piece entitled 'O'Flannigan and the Fairies.' Taking a hint from 'Victorine,' in the management of his scenes, the author of this humorous story has made the principal events of the plot to go forward, while the hero — and *such* a hero ! — is supposed to be dreaming through them all. This being the case, no one has any right to find fault with sundry trifling derangements of the unities, which, with almost any other incongruities, are confessedly orthodox in dreams, or Shakspeare would never have said so many queer things about Queen Mab. The play is full of scenes and situations, admirably chosen for the exhibition of Mr. Power's humorous nationalities. There is a regular Irish fair, a decent fight, a *real* donkey, (quadruped of course,) jigs, songs, and jaunting-cars, with an irresistibly drunken scene, and a model of an oath against liquor — 'Regulations regarding the drink of Phelim O'Flannigan, both public and private' — so accommodating in its restrictions, that it can hardly fail to come into general favor with the 'Total Abstinence Society.'

This piece is really too funny to be serious about ; and if those grim visitants, the 'Blue Devils,' have taken up their winter quarters in the breasts of any of our friends, we advise them to have the said sombre tenants ejected forthwith, and effectually spirited away, as they infallibly will be, if they are placed within the magic influence of 'O'Flannigan and the Fairies.'

AUDIENCES. — The audience of a theatre is not the least interesting feature of its amusement, although it entirely escapes puffing in the bills of the play. One who is fond of studying character, can find more materials, and better subjects, for the exercise of this disposition *before* than behind the curtain. Every party that enters the boxes,

from the fashionable circles who occupy the dress and private boxes, to the less ostentatious but more curious set, who are content with a quiet third seat, second tier, are subjects of interest, if not of amusement, to any one whose fancy leads him to contemplate their peculiarities. Even the men of the pit — 'the groundlings,' the bachelor gentlemen — and young fops, who lounge in the saloons — the 'free admissions,' those 'pillars of the lobby,' whose faces are as familiar as the figure of Ariel on the 'drop' — have each a peculiar attraction; and perhaps from the mass might be selected those whose individual histories would form tragedies and comedies, as interesting as any which the stage can produce. There, for instance, is a stout man, in a drab coat, with pearl buttons, just now squeezing his way into 'the front,' stepping upon every bench, and treading upon every body's coat that may happen to lie in his course while he drags along his better-half, who is any thing but 'a help-mate,' at the present moment. The lady, you see, is becomingly dressed in green silk, which would be in very pretty contrast with the bright red shawl upon her ample shoulders, were it not that her face being a little more of a crimson than the shawl, there is a sameness which seems to destroy the effect. She wears a French cap, too, most appropriately surmounted by six immense bows, just sufficiently close together to shut out any luckless wight who may be fated to sit behind her, from all visual knowledge of the play. This is an honest couple, who, for a short time, are located at some hotel near the Bull's Head, Bowery. The husband is a drover, from the 'far west,' who has lately disposed of an 'hundred head,' or more, and in consideration of the present high price of beef, is disposed to indulge himself and wife in all the amusements and some of the extravagancies of the metropolis. He has two large oranges, and a pint of pea-nuts in his left-hand coat-pocket. There is another party, of quite a different cast, in the private box, nearly opposite the drover. It is a fashionable family, from some fashionable square. They came in their own coach, and gave John strict orders to be at the door precisely at nine. They will not, of course, wait for the farce. See with what a lady-patroness sort of air the mistress elevates her *lorgnettes* upon the expressive countenance of Ellen Tree, while the daughter — a bit of a sentimentalist — wipes her eyes, as she casts a side-long glance upon the effeminate-looking youth, with long, white, straight hair, who is doing the amiable at her side — papa, all the while, wrapped up in his own dignity, and quietly calculating the yearly interest of 'a plum,' at three per cent. a month. But leaving these, cast your eyes upon that exquisite specimen of a Schneider's genius, in the crimson waistcoat, who occupies the second seat of the stage-box, first tier. If you come often to the theatre, you will always find that individual just there, or thereabout. Observe how extensively his hair flares out from each side of his intellectual forehead, like the flame of a lamp under the action of a patent blow-pipe. He is 'a young man about town,' whose great genius is yet unacknowledged. He writes occasional stanzas for 'the Star,' and theatrical criticisms for almost any paper. There is something very mysterious about that gentleman. There is probably more in him than appears at first sight. He is rather too young to be accused of the authorship of the 'Letters of Junius,' but it has not yet been satisfactorily proved that he did not write 'The Doctor.'

Turn from him to the lady in the first private box on your right. Her face is partly hid by the curtain, but you can perceive a delicate white hand lying quite carelessly over the front of the box. Your attention is attracted to the sparkling stone which twinkles like a star, even in the dubious light of these visibly-dark gas lamps. It is a pretty hand, and a brilliant gem, and they belong to a gay, good-natured lady, whose countenance, (if you could only catch a glimpse of it,) you would find a striking contrast to the dark-mustachio'd and sombre-visage, of that aristocratic-looking personage in the same box. The theatre is no novelty to the lady, and to the gentleman it is a matter of indifference. Do you see that individual in the pit, dressed in a rough drab coat, not unlike the garment which the sailors call a pea-jacket? His face is slightly marked with the small-pox, his expressive little eyes are fixed intently upon the stage, and you

can see them lighten with admiration, whenever a good point is made, or a touch of true feeling is displayed by the actor. No man laughs louder or more heartily at the farce than he; none give their applause with more sincerity; and no one discriminates more truly, than our friend of the pea-jacket, between a good actor and a good quack. He is a true critic. He condemns honestly, as he applauds; and perhaps, if the truth were known, it would be found that the performers generally are as much elated by his applause, and the comedians as effectually cheered by his honest 'guffaw,' as by the united approbation of the whole house put together. Long may his little eyes sparkle in the pit! But there are three or four foppish youngsters lounging in the second tier, with their feet coolly spread out on the seats before them. They have each of them a black stick, with a piece of brass on one end, which you will observe they indefatigably tap against their teeth, or gently rub upon their beardless faces, as if there were not brass enough there already. They laugh and talk loud, and look with the most perfect indifference upon the play, lest any body should suspect that they came there for any other object than '*pour passer le temps.*' They will loll about for an hour or so, and then dive into some cellar, and refresh with oysters and rum-punch — go very merrily home to bed, or possibly to the watch-house; and to-morrow morning soberly deal out tape for their employers in Canal or Chatham-street — only anxious perhaps, through the day, for an opportunity to abstract loose change enough from the till, to enable them to play over the same game to-morrow night. In short, a theatrical audience is a little world; and we might fill this very excellent Magazine with particular descriptions of the individual components thereof: but '*Rerum magnarum parva potest res exemplar dare,*' as saith Lucullus — or, 'Enough is as good as a feast,' as saith our already tired reader.

c.

NATIONAL THEATRE. — We have been able to attend but seldom upon the performances at this establishment; but we learn from those for whose opinions we have great respect, that they have been such as to reflect credit upon the house, and to fill its treasury. Mr. J. R. SCOTT, whose continued improvement is as creditable to his industry as it is gratifying to his friends, has been winning new laurels in the 'Provost of Bruges,' as well as in characters in which he is more familiar. The ever-attractive RAVELS, too, whose feats of graceful agility are truly wonderful, have also added their efforts to the successful entertainments of the month.

AMERICAN THEATRE, BOWERY. — This house is again in successful operation, under the superintendence of its energetic proprietor, Mr. DINNEFORD. It is the largest theatre in the city, and in its scenery, decorations, machinery, etc., is surpassed by none. It will be an appropriate place for the exhibition of gorgeous melo-drama, and will no doubt maintain its popular character under the new direction. During the month, Mr. EATON, a native tragedian, of fine powers, has played to good audiences; Mr. WILLIAM SEFTON, and Mr. GEORGE JONES, have alternated, also, as attractions. 'Hernani, or the Fatal Oath,' just produced, bids fair to fill the theatre with admiring audiences for a long time. Its scenic display is superb, while its melo-dramatic character is of the most effective description.

HANNINGTONS' DIORAMAS. — We take pleasure, in the brief space left us, in calling public attention to this very interesting exhibition. The proprietors' hall, in the City Saloon, is fitted up after the manner of a theatre, with every accommodation for the audience; and we know of no place where an hour or two may be spent more agreeably. As painters and mechanists, the brothers HANNINGTON stand deservedly high. Their contributions to various popular charities speak well for their timely benevolence of heart; and they have earned, in many honorable ways, the great success which attends their exertions.

PLAIGIARISM IN HIGH PLACES. — Our readers will remember an announcement a short time since, under the 'Literary Record' head, of a re-published English work, by Captain BASIL HALL, entitled, 'Skimmings, or a Winter at Schloss Hanfield, in Lower Styria.' In this volume, among numerous other anecdotes concerning, and incidents in the life of, the celebrated COUNTESS OF PURGSTALL, may be found the following: 'One day when I entered the Countess's room, I observed that she had been writing; but on my sitting down by her bed-side, she sent away the apparatus, retaining only one sheet of paper, which she held up, and said: 'You have written your life; here is mine;' and she put into my hand the following copy of verses, by whom written, she would not tell me. Probably *they are by herself*, for they are certainly exactly such as suited her cast of thought. I may repeat, that in spite of all her misfortunes, and the pains she took to cherish her grief, she was invariably cheerful, and never let fall a hasty or querulous word.'

MY LIFE.

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky;
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die.
But on that rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if it wept such waste to see,
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail — its date is brief —
Restless, and soon to pass away:
Yet ere that leaf shall fail or fade,
The parent tree shall mourn its shade —
The winds bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand.
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud mourns the sea,
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

These beautiful lines, from the pen of our correspondent, Hon. R. H. WILDE, of Georgia, now in Rome, we have given above, as they originally came from his hand. In the volume in question, there are several ridiculous alterations, to adapt them to the condition and *locale* of the pretended authoress. This 'noble' lady is said to have sat for SCOTT's portrait of Diana Vernon. If this be true, she is a libel upon the image formed, in the minds of all readers of 'Rob Roy,' of that high-minded and spirited girl, who would have 'scorned the dirty action' of taking that which did not belong to her, and parading it before her friends as her own property.

LIBRARY OF STANDARD LITERATURE. — The fourteenth volume of this popular library concludes the fifth of BYRON's complete works, which contains, *Werner, The Deformed Transformed, Heaven and Earth, The Island, Hours of Idleness, Translations and Imitations, Fugitive pieces, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, Hints from Horace, The Curse of Minerva, The Waltz, The Age of Bronze, The Vision of Judgment, Morgante Maggiore, The Blues, The Third Act of Manfred*, as originally sent to the publisher, together with numerous occasional pieces. The volume is even better executed than its predecessors, and is embellished with a well-engraved picture of the 'Maid of Saragoza,' who, however, in the language of Pauden O'Rafferty, is 'no beauty, any way,' whatever else she may have been.

'NEW-YEAR'S.' — The first part of the year is usually a season of great congratulation. The world takes a stride across the grave of one year, in its approach toward the tomb of another; and the dwellers of this dim sphere laugh and revel loud and long. Why they should do thus, passes our comprehension. Certainly the commencement of the year, the opening of a twelve-month's vicissitudes, is nothing so *very* jocular. At that time, you are obliged to compass heaven and earth, in order to bless your eyes with that most beautiful of all earthly spectacles — the smile of your tradesmen and artizans. You must elevate the breeze — or as vulgar pens would express it, 'raise the wind,' for sundry outlays; voluminous 'williams' throng in upon you; and whether you can bid the *forkage* arise for them or not, 'will he nil he, you do it, mind you that!' You have six troubles — yea seven; and for your deliverance therefrom, you are indebted — is it not so, reader? — to the punctuality of those who owe you. Oh, blushing delinquent! let this paragraph sink deep into your heart: and when we hear from you, (it is a great satisfaction, when we cannot see you,) let your chirography circumvent a 'V,' or note, bearing that valuable denomination, and you will sleep the sweeter afterward.

BEAUTIFUL PHENOMENA. — We adopt the following correct and vivid description of the recent atmospheric phenomena, from the *New-York Evening Post*, as well worthy of preservation in these pages: 'Last evening, as it grew dark, an Aurora Borealis, of uncommon beauty and brightness, made its appearance in the heavens. It was thought at first, by most spectators, to be the reflection of a fire from clouds in the sky, such was the ruddiness of its hue, and such the strong glow which it shed upon the houses and into the streets. It was observed, however, that the light did not appear to be stationary, but shifted to different parts of the heavens, and at length was seen to form long, unequal streams, or trains, diverging from a common centre in the zenith. These were mostly of a beautiful crimson, as rich as that of the finest sunset, and they illuminated the city with a brightness like that of a great conflagration. Intermixed with these rudy streaks, were others of a white color, like rays of moonlight which had lost their way, and became strangely mingled and confused with the rose-colored radiance. The meteor in some places took the shape of luminous clouds, and in others that of long beams of light reaching from the cope of heaven to the horizon. The crimson color had nearly passed away between eight and nine o'clock, and left the sky flushed with the usual white light of the Aurora Borealis. It afterward returned, however, in a manner even more remarkable than at first. Between ten and eleven o'clock, the principal streams of light assumed a dark blood-red color, and being irregularly intermingled with streaks of white light, all proceeding apparently from a centre overhead, had a fearful appearance. In a superstitious age, and with some help of the imagination, the spectator might have imagined that he saw in the heavens the conflagration of cities, and pools of blood, and the lances of warring armies. At one time, the lower part of the sky, a little above the horizon, was set with a row of the whiter lights, which looked like lamps streaming upward in a thick atmosphere, as if placed there to light the aerial armies to the combat. The sky was cloudless, but the light of the stars was entirely quenched in that of the meteor, which even predominated over that of the moon, and threw a rich glow on the snow in the streets and on the house-tops. The evening was still and fine, the streets were full of sleighs, and thousands of people witnessed the phenomena.'

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE. — We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the various instructive and entertaining lectures which are being delivered at this institution. Facts, most valuable in practical knowledge, are here elicited, and conveyed in language level to the comprehension of every man of sense. These lectures, therefore,

since they are well attended by attentive audiences, can scarcely fail to be productive of great utility to the important class of the community for whom they are more particularly intended.

MORE LITERARY LARCENY.—Every now and then, we chance upon articles in American journals, which were written for, and published in the *KNICKERBOCKER*, bearing the paternity of some popular foreign publication, into which they have been copied, without credit. How a voyage across the Atlantic must improve the intrinsic qualities of an American production! The 'Excursion in Tuscany,' written for this work by G. W. GREENE, Esq., at present in Italy, now making the circuit of the American newspapers, copied from and credited to the *London Court Journal*, in which magazine it is inserted without any acknowledgment of the source from whence it was derived, can be no better now, as it seems to us, than when it was read for the first time in our pages. Perhaps, however, like wine that has 'been i' the Indies twice,' it may have acquired an additional flavor by crossing the water in a home-made bottle, and coming back in an English cut-glass decanter, stamped with the royal arms.

LITERARY RECORD.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.—This volume, by the Rev. Dr. BROWNLEE, has remained unnoticed upon our table, until a call for a second edition has convinced the publisher, that he judged well in giving it to the public in a garb befitting its contents. The work is characterized by a judicious and skilful mingling of moral and religious inculcation, with enough of interesting incident to attract the merely general reader. The contents are: 'The General, and Modern Infidelity,' 'The Duel Prevented,' 'The Elder's Son, or the Spoiled Child,' 'Incidents in the Life of Moncrief of Kilfargie,' 'The First and Last Communion,' and 'Hans Van Benschoonhooten, or Traits of Primitive Character.' New-York: JOHN S. TAYLOR, Brick Church Chapel, Park Row.

DOLBEAR'S SCIENCE OF PENMANSHIP.—We bestow our approbation, cheerfully, upon a work, recently issued from the press, bearing the following title, which is in no respect deceptive: 'The Science of Practical Penmanship, deduced from the principles of Physiology, and the anatomy of the hand and arm; containing an original analysis of the capital and loop letters, and full directions for the acquirement of rapid business writing. To which is added a complete system of pen-making: accompanied by a Chirographic Atlas, of twenty-four engraved plates. By B. DOLBEAR AND BROTHERS, Principals of the New-Orleans and New-York Writing Academies.' New-York: COLLINS, KEESE AND COMPANY.

SELECT MEDICAL LIBRARY.—Messrs. HASWELL AND BARRINGTON, Philadelphia, have issued the first number of a large and well printed monthly work, of some two hundred pages, entitled 'The Select Medical Library, and Eclectic Journal of Medicine.' It is under the editorial supervision of Dr. JOHN BELL, of Philadelphia, whose reputation is a sufficient guaranty of the ability with which he will discharge the duties of his station. English and continental medical works of value, now nearly out of print, will be published in the 'Library,' while in the 'Eclectic Journal' the 'histories of cases which have a definite bearing and application, summaries of opinions and practice, and criticisms brief and pertinent, will find a place.'

PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB.—Part II. of these admirable sketches has just been published by Messrs. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. We say all that is necessary to be said, when we recommend it to the reader as fully equal in spirit and humor to the

volume which preceded it. The author is the best of philosophers, and repudiates the idea, as he should, that it is necessary, in writing a novel, to give an inch of mirth for an ell of moan. He makes the gravest laugh, and all readers on good terms with themselves and him, while under his agreeable and potent spell. Again we say, 'Long live 'Boz!'

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. — 'That curious book of BUNYAN's' has been presented to the public in just such a dress, and with such attractions as it deserved, but has never received, until now. There are fifty designs by CHAPMAN, HARVEY, and others, engraved on wood by ADAMS. The frontispiece is a fine specimen of the art. It is fully equal to copper-plate, and possesses an *atmosphere*, so to speak, that we have never seen equalled in wood. A Life of Bunyan, by SOUTHEY, prefaces the volume, which, as well as the delightful religious classic which it ornaments, needs no praise.

THE GREAT METROPOLIS. — MESSRS. SAUNDERS AND OTLEY have just issued, in a large and well-printed volume, (two volumes in one,) 'The Great Metropolis: by the author of Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons.' It seems to us a complete 'Key to London,' treating as it does, with great clearness of detail, of its general characteristics — its theatres, clubs, gaming-houses — the society and manners of the upper, middle, and lower classes — the newspaper press, periodical literature, quarterly, monthly, and weekly, parliamentary, reporting, etc.

TWICE-TOLD TALES. — This is the title of a work now in the press of the American Stationers' Company, Boston. It will consist of the desultory writings of NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, Esq., of Salem, (Mass.,) mostly contributions to American annuals and magazines. It must needs be a delightful volume, for the author has a fertile and cultivated mind. His literary efforts are replete with ease and grace — with quiet humor, or true pathos. We await the volume with pleasant thoughts of good in store.

FOSTER'S CABINET MISCELLANY. — We find on our table the first three volumes of FOSTER's 'Cabinet Miscellany,' containing Tiez's 'St. Petersburg, Constantinople, and Napoli di Romania,' 'A Steam Voyage down the Danube,' by QUIN, and the 'East India Sketch-Book.' These are all valuable and entertaining works, and can be obtained, entire, in neat paper binding, for the trifling sum of one dollar! How the publisher can afford to — but that's no affair of ours. The volumes are well executed.

INFIDELITY. — 'The Cause and Cure of Infidelity, with an account of the Author's Conversion,' is the title of a well-printed volume, of more than three hundred pages, from the press of JOHN S. TAYLOR. The author is the Rev. DAVID NELSON, of Quincy, Illinois, late of Marion county, Mississippi. We have found no leisure for its perusal, but perceive, by the reports of religious journals, that it is widely popular among all classes of Christians.

CHRISTIAN RETIREMENT: OR, SPIRITUAL EXERCISE OF THE HEART. — This handsome volume, of some five hundred pages, from the press of Mr. JOHN S. TAYLOR, commends itself to the Christian reader, by qualities which have made it so popular, that eight editions of the work have already been called for by the public. This is literally 'speaking volumes' in its favor. Like all the publications of Mr. TAYLOR, the externals of paper, printing, and binding, are very superior.

MEMOIRS OF AN ILLEGITIMATE. — 'The Bar Sinister, or Memoirs of an Illegitimate,' is the title of a re-published English novel, from the press of Messrs. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia. We confess an utter ignorance of the work, not having found leisure to read a word of it. We have, however, observed that it has elicited praise, for many good qualities, from one or two foreign periodicals of confessed judgment and taste.

THE ALBION. — A new volume of this excellent publication commenced on the seventh ultimo, upon entirely new and beautiful types. For fifteen years, this journal has been before the public, during which period it has been constantly gaining ground in popular favor. Its copious selections of the *best* articles from all the English and Scottish periodicals, and the good taste and talents of its accomplished editor, render it far more entertaining and valuable to an American, than the re-publications of the entire works from which it so judiciously culls. A late number is embellished with a fine engraving of the New Houses of Parliament, London.

'THE EARTH.' — This work, by ROBERT MUDIE, kindred in character to those heretofore published by the same author, upon 'The Heavens,' 'The Sea,' 'The Air,' etc., contains a clear and comprehensive view of the earth, considered as a whole, having equal regard to the causes or agencies which produce the more general terrestrial phenomena, and to the things in which, and the places where, these phenomena present themselves. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

DISCOVERIES IN LIGHT AND VISION. — Through some inadvertance, a copy of this work did not reach us until the sheets of this department were passing through the press. We are left but space and leisure, therefore, to say, that the volume will be found to abound in interest, even by those whom its arguments may not convince. We shall refer more particularly to the work hereafter. G. AND C. CARVILL AND COMPANY.

'FIRST LESSONS ABOUT NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, a small volume for children, from the pen of Miss MARY A. SWIFT, Principal of the Litchfield Female Seminary, and from the press of Messrs. BELKNAP AND HAMMERSLEY, Hartford, (Conn.) is an admirable little book, remarkable alike for the large amount of useful information which it contains, and the clear and simple manner in which it is conveyed to the juvenile mind.

SPIRIT OF HOLINESS. — MR. JOHN S. TAYLOR has issued, in a small and neat volume, *The Spirit of Holiness*: by JAMES HARRINGTON EVANS, A. M., Minister of John-street Chapel: with an Introductory Preface, by OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Brooklyn. This little book is highly commended by reputable religious periodicals.

CLASSICAL FAMILY LIBRARY. — Numbers XXII. and XXIII. of HARPERS' 'Classical Family Library,' are devoted to the History of the Peloponnesian War, translated from the Greek of Thucydides. By WILLIAM SMITH, A. M. The edition has undergone careful correction and revision, is well printed, and is embellished with a portrait-bust of the original author. Five volumes, subsequently published, contain the works of the renowned LIVY, as translated by GEORGE BAKER, A. M. A biographical sketch of the great historian, with an engraved bust by GIMBER, preface the main work, which is closely as well as clearly printed, upon good paper.

ANTHON'S CICERO. — All good scholars and 'ambitious students' will thank the Messrs. HARPERS for a very handsome edition, just published, of 'Cicero's Select Orationes, with an English Commentary, and Historical, Geographical, and Legal Indexes. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D.'

WRAXALL'S 'MEMOIRS OF MY OWN TIME,' a work replete not only with interest but matter of substantial value, has just passed to a second edition. The publishers, Messrs CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD, have again presented it to the public in a creditable dress.

BRACEBRIDGE HALL forms volumes five and six of IRVING'S Works, now publishing in a well-executed series, by Messrs. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. We have before referred to this edition in terms of deserved eulogy.